As Pound and Dollar Meet—an Editorial

The Reporter

March 17, 1953 25c

Inside the Moslem Brotherhood (page 8)

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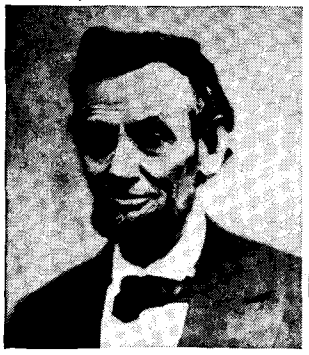
Lincoln's last photograph. Booth's bullet ended his life three days later.



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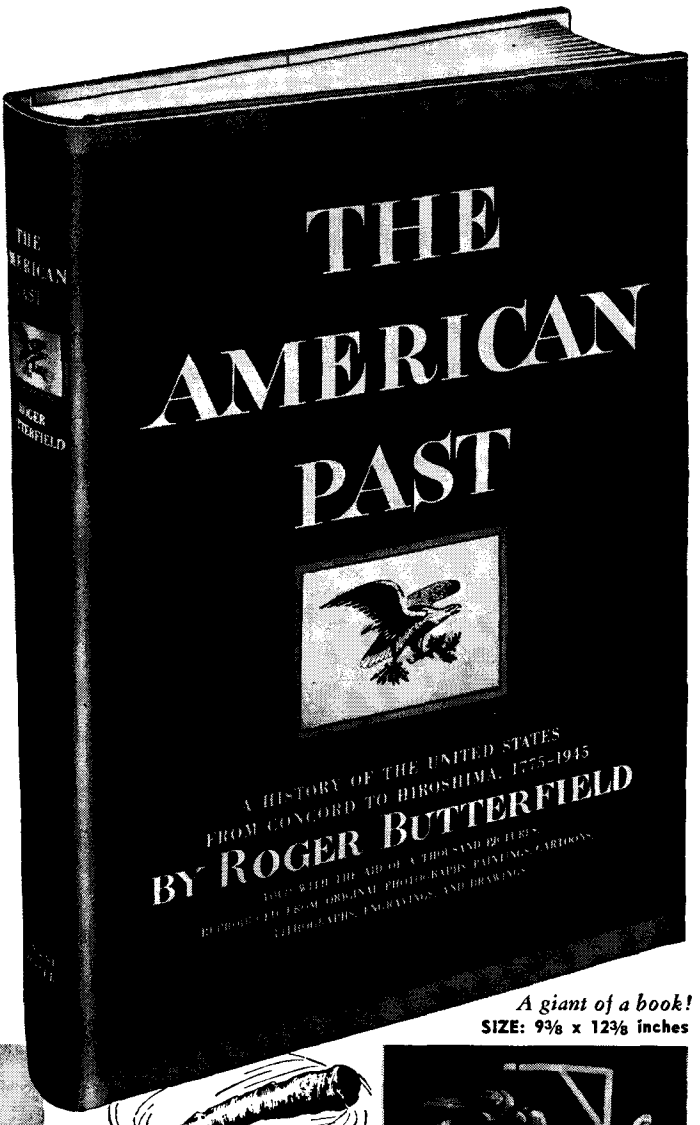

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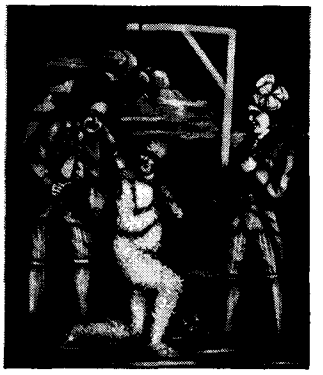

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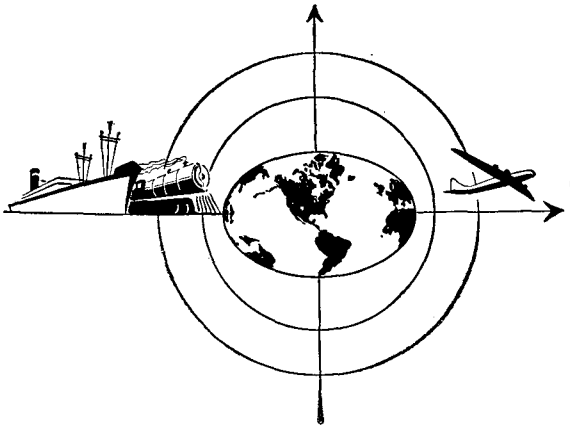

THE REPORTER'S NOTES

A Free Mind in Action

Thanks to the blunder of Congressman Harold H. Velde (R., Illinois), Mrs. Agnes E. Meyer's speech, "Freedom of the Mind," was brought to the attention of great numbers of people. Stirred by the passages we had seen in some newspapers, at first we intended to comment on what Mrs. Meyer had said. But after having read the full text, we realized that we would render a service to our readers by excerpting some hard-hitting, close-thought passages from her text.

In the Meyer-Velde controversy, a candid presentation of the record by itself, without any editorial comment, is enough to enable the reader to size up the protagonists. Mrs. Meyer's words show both the caliber and the freedom of her mind. Congressman Velde's readiness to label Mrs. Meyer as a former contributor to *Pravda*, and the quality of his later retractions, show how fit he is to be the head of a Congressional investigating committee.

We are happy to point out that Mrs. Meyer is a Republican. But in the fight for freedom of the mind there are neither Republicans nor Democrats, neither men nor women: There are only people who think the time has come to speak out and fight back. We are proud to let her express the ideas and beliefs we share.

From Mrs. Meyer's Speech

". . . There is a time to criticize our democratic institutions and a time for defense. Only recently I was one of the severest critics of public education. There are still many criticisms to be made by honest friends of the system. But there are now so many dishonest critics of public education with their own axes to grind that the time has come for a powerful counter offensive. The time has also come, alas, when those who speak up for our secular public schools must be willing to face a mob of critics who decry our schools as godless, our teachers as dangerous subversives, our textbooks as permeated by socialism and modern concepts of education as an invention of the Devil. . . .

"Now I am the first to agree with former President Conant of Harvard that communists should not be appointed to any position in a school, college or university. I also believe with the New York City public school authorities that *known communists* should be dismissed. But again I agree with Dr. Conant that the independence of each college and university would be threatened if governmental agencies of any sort should start inquiries into the nature of the instruction given, for their independence as corporate, scholarly organizations is of supreme importance. . . .

"In his message to Congress, the President declared that it is the primary responsibility of the Executive to keep disloyal and dangerous employees out of the Federal government. It had long been apparent that Congressional committees could not possibly screen the records of thousands of civil servants especially as they do not have access to the F.B.I. records. It is equally clear that McCarthy, Jenner, and Velde cannot screen the records of thousands of professors and school teachers. . . .

"The country's fear of communism can readily be centered on the fear of parents that their children are being subjected to subversive teachers, subversive textbooks and subversive indoctrination. The fact that a few communist teachers have been dismissed in the New York City public school system strengthens the hands of any Congressman who takes it in his head to upset educational morale throughout the country by starting more and more communist hunts in the nation's schools. What the New York City situation actually proves is that our boards of education and our school administrators can handle the problem of subversive teachers with . . . efficiency . . .

"To develop free men the educators must themselves be free men. That's what McCarthy, Jenner and Velde cannot endure and that is why they wish to invade the field of education with their authoritarian concepts. . . .

Schools of America

"You must impress upon your communities that next to our free political institutions, our free public school system ranks as the greatest achievement of democratic life in America. Make it known that the free schools are the glory of our culture and civilization; that nothing comparable to them has ever existed anywhere else in the world; and that there is no point to the local control

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of our public school system unless the local citizens protect it from domination by political adventurers of every description, whether they be communists or fascists. Make plain that our public schools are the necessary condition for the continuance of our democracy . . . The high promise of our American life is based not merely on the maintenance of our public schools but on their continuing further development and prosperity. Be sure that your school organization is a true reflection of the life for which it prepares and which it hopes to expand. Politically, socially and economically, American life is unstratified. We have no fixed classes and ranks. We have endless opportunities for individual development and individual progress. Do not, I beg of you, have school systems that determine for our children at an early age whether they are to have a vocational or an academic education. Refuse to admit that for the adolescent this hard and fast classification should exist. Refuse to admit that the academic cannot be vocational and that the vocational cannot be cultural. Keep your guidance people in check with their tendency to restrict freedom by deciding for young children arbitrarily what specialized program is good for them. *Refuse to believe in educational predestination.* Believe rather that for all children there is the hope and possibility of continued growth and that every adolescent has a future that has promise. . . .

"I WAS SORRY when one group of university presidents at a recent convention weakened their position by announcing in response to McCarthy's threats that they welcomed investigation. They should have told him that neither he nor Jenner nor Velde have the moral or the intellectual qualifications to conduct such an investigation. . . .

"The freedom of the mind is just as sacred as freedom of the press and freedom of religion. And all these freedoms will be undermined if McCarthy and company are allowed to destroy the last remnants of academic freedom. Freedom is not like the curate's egg, good in spots. Either we are all free or we are all slaves. . . .

"Thus it would be well if the press, the church organizations, the radio and television administrators should wake up to the fact that there is nothing to prevent McCarthy from putting them next on the list of his victims. Certainly these groups should not wait for McCarthy to pick them off one by one. Every newspaper in the country is alert to invasions of its own freedom. But the press had better step forward quickly from one end of the country to the other to defend not merely its own but all freedoms including that of our schools and universities. . . .

Popular Defiance

"Ultimately the only way to meet this challenge to education will be to stop it with popular resentment and defiance. Don't imagine any college president or public school administrator would have a fair hearing if he faced these Congressional investigators no matter how noble a typewritten statement he might present to the Committee. . . .

WARNING

Teacher be careful, professor beware—
Danger lurks in the classroom air,
For what you teach and what you tell
May one day ring your teaching knell.

Never acquaint the heart of youth
With any but accepted truth,
Never persuade it to explore
The mysteries behind the door.

See that their muted minds conform
To one safe predetermined norm,
And leave the brotherhood of man
To others not American.

Teacher be careful, professor beware—
Danger ruffles the ivied air,
For what you fear to teach and tell
Will, by default, ring freedom's knell. —SEC

"On the whole, it seems to me more fruitful that all groups who wish to preserve academic freedom should turn to our new President for leadership in this momentous issue. As the former President of Columbia University, he still has a great responsibility and, I am sure, a great interest in protecting his own and therefore all other universities from intimidation by Congressional Committees. His attitude toward these Congressional invasions of academic freedom was demonstrated when as President of Columbia University he flatly refused Congressman Wood's demand that the universities study their textbooks and libraries for subversive ideas. As President he has already announced a drastic revision of the loyalty program affecting Federal employees. He intends to develop a clearance system that 'will be both fair to the rights of the individual and effective for the safety of the nation.' Surely if the President sees the necessity to defend the morale of civil servants against McCarthyism, he will see the same necessity to protect our educators against this evil. . . .

"De Tocqueville warned the American people long ago that they are too susceptible to the judgment of the crowd and that our democracy, which proclaims freedom for everybody, may yet extinguish itself under the influence of mass hysteria. . . .

"THE FRIENDS of democracy and human freedom today are not going to defend their freedom successfully by sitting on their hands. We must appeal to the country quickly, widely, actively. We must understand clearly that the future of our Republic is at stake. We must make the issues of academic freedom so clear that even the school children, or perhaps I should say even the McCarthys, Jenners and Veldes of the nation, can understand them. . . .

"The rise of a Huey Long and now of McCarthy illustrates the weakness of our Constitutional protection against government interference with freedom of the mind, freedom of the press, and freedom of religion. It is a reminder that the only real defense of freedom is public opinion and the genius of our people for fair play."

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WHO— WHAT— WHY—

CONTRARY to our usual custom, the editorial in this issue is unrelated to the theme developed in the magazine's leading articles. The articles deal with the Middle East; the editorial discusses the negotiations that the Messrs. Anthony Eden and R. A. Butler are about to enter upon in Washington. The British statesmen have come here to make concrete proposals for increasing trade between the sterling bloc and areas where the American dollar is the most common unit of exchange. Will Washington respond to the British proposals with mere stopgap measures, aimed only at alleviating present difficulties? Or will our handling of the situation establish a broad pattern, applicable to our relations not only with Britain and the Commonwealth but with the whole non-Communist world?

With this issue, **Harlan Cleveland**—who has written the editorial—joins *The Reporter* as Executive Editor. Mr. Cleveland has had wide experience in making and carrying out the foreign economic policy of our government, including tours of duty in Italy and China, and responsibility at different times for aid programs in Southeast Asia and in Europe. For the last year, he has worked in Washington as Mutual Security's Assistant Director for Europe.

THE Middle East is a major trouble spot and, as the standard cliché calls it, a "power vacuum." This phrase should not lead us to forget that in the so-called vacuum there is an immense stirring of peoples, ideologies, and political ambitions. This ferment prompts political leaders of the area to act in ways entirely unfamiliar to our diplomats. The new leaders may talk of democracy and form apparently democratic political parties, but there is nothing more dangerous than to take their language or their party labels literally. Yet unless we deal with them, they may go over to the other side. So we have to face the situation squarely. Three articles by expert observers in this issue may help us to do so. **Donald Peters** is the pseudonym of a man who has covered the Middle East for various publications. His picture of the Moslem Brotherhood is certainly not one that American newspapers have covered. Will the new Mohammedan activism be "the wave of the future" in the Middle East, and will it bring the new nations closer to the West in spite of political differences, or will it sweep us out of all contact?

The Garden of Eden is supposed to have been in Mesopotamia. But the people of that ancient country, now called Iraq, face a more complex choice between good and evil than the Biblical one. Wretchedly poor as they are, the evil they know is immemorially old; the good they may not even be able to distinguish. **Ray Alan** (the pen name of an Englishman who has traveled extensively throughout the Middle East) reports on the fateful choice that must be made. **Oden and Olivia Meeker** have been writing for *The Reporter* from Africa. In this issue they discuss the Sudan.

WHAT happens to people who flee the Communist Zone of Germany? We have statistics; but statistics are cold. **T. K. Brown,** writing from Berlin, tells the human story of the necessary yet sometimes cruel ordeal that must be endured by those who cross the gap between two worlds.

The article in this issue on the Ford Foundation in no way exhausts a subject to which we shall have occasion to return. **Holmes Welch's** factual description of this latest and biggest American philanthropical undertaking is only a starting point.

We tend to think that Republicans in the Senate all think alike—that is to say, just like Mr. Taft of Ohio. **Douglass Cater,** our Washington Editor, describes one Republican Senator who has a distinct personality of his own, Millikin of Colorado. Cater's article reminds us that much variety can exist even within conservatism.

H. G. Nicholas, who furnishes the current installment in the "Long Morning After" series, is a Fellow of New College, Oxford, the author of an analysis of the British general elections of 1950, and an authority on electoral procedures in Anglo-Saxon countries. He followed our election in all its aspects, including trips with the candidates on their campaign trains, and he gives us a thorough and dispassionate appraisal of the techniques used. Since Mr. Nicholas comes from a country where campaigning usually means lively debates accompanied by spirited heckling, and does not mean TV monologues interrupted only by partisan applause, his reactions to American methods are particularly important. For one thing, he maintains that TV, which is generally supposed to bring the face and the voice of the candidate closer to the people than ever before, actually provides only greatly retouched and unreal pictures of the men between whom the citizen has to choose.

Ray Bradbury's short story, "Sun and Shadow," will appear in his forthcoming book, *The Golden Apples of the Sun*, to be published by Doubleday. In his other books, *The Martian Chronicles* and *The Illustrated Man*, Mr. Bradbury has employed the new genre of science fiction to write about subjects that have always concerned the best of our serious writers.

Meyer Levin, our authority on movie palaces, is the author of *In Search*.

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CORRESPONDENCE

TWO VIEWS ON MAULDIN

(We have received the following letter from the vice-president of the Standard Milling Company, Kansas City, Missouri, addressed to Bill Mauldin's friend Joe.)

Dear Joe: Just a line to explain poor old Bill Mauldin's letter to you, the one where he's so sore about rich men being appointed by the Republicans in Washington (*The Reporter,* February 3). You know the Democrats only had really poor men connected with them—Acheson, G. Mennen Williams, Kennedy, Benton, Bowles, Arvey, Senator Lehman, Marshall Field, Symington, Harriman, Lister Hill, even Stevenson—all those and many others are a sample of the poverty that they prefer. Of course, Mauldin's idea is that only tycoons want a reduction in income taxes, and that makes a lot of tycoons in this country to choose from.

But you have to understand what his basic philosophy is to see why he writes a letter like that. In his drawings of the war the whole concept was of the noble enlisted man and the stupid officer. If you went into the Army, and had an education, and worked hard and took it seriously and worked through Officer Candidate School, as most officers did—why naturally you were trying to get ahead and that naturally is a black mark against you. He never heard, I guess, of an officer under fire. We all know that the man being shot at is catching hell, but we all know also that planning and behind-the-lines work have to be done too. All but Bill, who thinks the only man behind the lines should be a cartoonist.

Carry that attitude over into civilian life and you can see why he's against anyone who has come up the ladder and had some success. He doesn't like generals running a war, or tycoons handling money. He wants politicians. Well, O'Dwyer's available.

R. HUGH UHLMANN
Kansas City, Missouri

To the Editor: Bill Mauldin's letter to Joe in the February 17 issue was one of the very finest commentaries that I have ever seen on the disturbing growth of "violent" toys, reading matter, and visual entertainment for children. Without preaching, Mr. Mauldin made some very telling points on the subject, and all in his own inimitably amusing manner.

BARRIE L. TAIT
Cresskill, New Jersey

HISTORY LESSON

To the Editor: For some time people have had the fallacious impression that Andrew Johnson was not impeached, but in your issue of February 17, in an article on ex-Presidents of the United States, you hit a new low in saying that the Senate impeached Johnson. As a high-school history student, may I remind you that according to the Constitution "The House of Representatives . . . shall have the sole power of impeachment" (Art. 1, Sec. 2, Par. 5) and that the Senate *tries* impeachment cases?

BILL LAMBERT
Wausau, Wisconsin

LABOR BITES LABOR LEADER

To the Editor: My compliments to you and congratulations to Richard Rovere for his review of the Sidney Hillman biography by Matthew Josephson (*The Reporter,* February 17). The one critical observation I would make, and I hope you won't consider it too carping, is that the review addresses itself too much to the subject and not enough to the content of the book. The text is a crafty compilation of dates and data, reference and citations. The very title of the book is prideful nonsense: *Sidney Hillman; Statesman of American Labor.* What statesmanship? What of a positive and statesmanlike character did he contribute that American labor and even his own Amalgamated Clothing Workers were not forced to repudiate later as both foolish and harmful? To be sure, the clothing workers' union is an achievement, but even Hillman would not have claimed that it was his own single-handed work, and, as Rovere points out, other apparel unions have done better by their members under the prevailing conditions than did Hillman.

J. C. RICH
Editor, *The Hat Worker*
United Hatters, Cap and Millinery Workers International Union
New York

To the Editor: Cheers for the excellent review of the life of Hillman by Richard Rovere. I have seldom read a more discriminating, objective review of a book about labor. My only regret is that Rovere did not comment on the disservice Hillman performed when he helped mislead the CIO into the Communist-dominated World Federation of Trade Unions.

Working in Paris for two years after the war, I observed the manner in which Hillman's sponsorship of this organization delayed the development of an organization of the free trade unions of the world such as we have now. Although it is true that many of the leaders of the CIO reluctantly defended the WFTU, Hillman was more responsible for the continued relationship than any other CIO leader, as many of them have admitted to me privately.

FRANCIS A. HENSON
Director, Educational and Political Action
United Automobile Workers of America, AFL
Milwaukee

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As Pound and Dollar Meet

ANTHONY EDEN and R. A. Butler are opening the season of visits by foreign leaders to Washington, the only spot in the world where sick economies can find a cure.

Mr. Butler has been preceded in this country by his plea for "trade, not aid." The trouble with making policy by means of slogans is that each person thinks the slogan means what *he* means. Those who think the United States should let in more imports so that the rest of the world can buy what it needs from us have naturally stressed the word "trade." But there are many who like to rearrange the three little words their own way: "Not aid," that's for sure. "Trade?" Well, we'll have to see about that.

Every two years since the war—in 1947, in 1949, and again in 1951—the British have required first aid for symptoms diagnosed in London as a "dollar crisis" and in Washington as a "sterling crisis." Each time, a tourniquet has been applied near the wound and the loss of blood has been stopped. Each time, large transfusions of loans and grants, and drastic cuts in imports, have achieved a precarious balance in Britain's trade.

ACTUALLY, the root of the matter lies well below the surface of trade, with or without aid. There are four main reasons for Britain's weakness:

¶ In the days when the British started the Industrial Revolution, manufactured goods were scarce and the products of farms and mines were relatively plentiful. It was good business to be the only industrialized country. But the industrial growth of the United States, Germany, and Japan cut down Britain's share of the world market for manufactures. For nearly half a century, with everybody else "rolling their own" in light industries like textiles, Britain clung to the hope that the world textile slump was a passing phenomenon. Before the First World War, Britain had three-quarters of the world market for textiles. Now Britain sells only one-quarter of a world total of textile exports that is not much more than half as great as it was before the First World War.

¶ Every year the British worker falls farther behind his American brother in the amount of real value he can turn out in an hour. The welfare state, overfull employment, and inflation have stiffened the joints of Britain's economic system just when it needs to adapt itself more rapidly to outside changes.

¶ The most promising field for expanding British exports is in the products of the so-called metalworking industries—machinery, jet aircraft, bicycles, and thousands of other things that British firms can make as well as, or better than, anybody else. But it is just these industries that are needed to produce hard goods for rearmament, and to make machinery to modernize Britain's own plant and equipment. The same factory that can make Austins that sell for dollars can also make Centurion tanks, or can turn out trucks to increase production in Britain's coal mines. It is because the metalworking industries have not expanded rapidly enough, while the textile industries have been turning out more than they could sell, that all three claimants—defense, investment, and exports—are lagging.

¶ In the areas that have produced most of Britain's food and raw materials, a great movement aimed at economic as well as political independence has been gaining momentum. Following the trail blazed by America, Japan, and the Soviet Union, nationalists in Asia, Africa, and Latin America have one economic obsession once the power of government comes into their hands—to force the pace of industrialization (usually starting with textiles), and to abandon the colonial tradition of growing and digging for raw materials which have to be sold to Britain at prices set by the British.

Britain has therefore become more dependent on North America as the one reliable source of food and of many important raw materials. But the Commonwealth, not the United States, has been Britain's best customer in recent decades. And now British

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competitive weakness makes it especially hard to crack the U.S. market in the face of our efficient production.

Britain's partners in the sterling area have been in trouble too. The raw materials they have to sell are subject to wide variations in price as American demand for them varies. Besides, the dollars they earn are now mostly needed to finance their own development plans.

What Can Be Done and by Whom?

The British are coming to Washington because in London they cannot find a way out of this tightening squeeze. How can they overcome the sterling area's shortage of dollars?

A study just completed by the Committee for Economic Development contains some realistic advice to the British about the actions they need to take. The C.E.D. prescription includes a shift of British investment to more productive sectors of industry, especially export industries; a go-slow policy on increases in wages and social-welfare payments "until the growth of productivity makes possible a more rapid increase"; and possibly a further cutback in the amount of military production the United Kingdom does for itself. The C.E.D. then puts it up to President Eisenhower in these words: "If the British Government and people will adhere to a program of this kind, the United States should be prepared, if necessary, to assume for a period an increased share of the burden of defending the free world."

The other countries of the sterling area also have to help make ends meet. They now seem to be thinking along more sober lines—not trying to move too fast on great schemes for overnight industrialization, pushing the production of food and other primary materials, and scheduling for use over a period of years (rather than as the spirit and inflated demand move them) the war debts owed them by Britain.

People who trade in pounds sterling cannot get dollars without asking London for permission. From both sides of the Atlantic there has been growing pressure on the British to take off these restrictions—that is, to make pounds more "convertible" into dollars. But the restrictions are there precisely because the British don't have enough dollars to go around. As the balance of trade is redressed, these restrictions can be gradually taken off. But those who want convertibility now are asking for another "sterling crisis," with the usual emergency program to follow.

On our side, we can do a lot to help, even if Congress won't go so far as to follow the advice of Henry Ford II and haul down our whole tariff wall unilaterally. The "peril-point" loophole in our trade-agreements policy, our antediluvian customs procedures, our import quotas on cheese and such, and our "Buy American" Act are clearly out of line with our foreign policy. By preventing more dollar earnings by foreigners, they also harm U.S. export industries, contribute to the recession in prices of agricultural exports like cotton, and add something (for foreign aid) to what each of us has to give the Collector of Internal Revenue by March 15. Our British visitors are not alone in wanting to see our commercial policies brought up to date.

We can also do much to stabilize the demand for sterling-area raw materials. In part this is just a question of doing our stockpile buying with an eye cocked toward its financial effect on the whole sterling area's position. Beyond this, we should certainly be prepared to look with interest at any international schemes for stabilizing the prices of particular commodities. It will also be important to entice more U.S. private investors into the production of primary materials in the sterling area, through tax concessions by the United States and positive encouragement by the Commonwealth countries.

If all the necessary measures, theirs and ours, can be put together in a drive that has some real push behind it, the sterling area should be able to get close to making ends meet. But even if the maximum is done, it is hard to see free trade and a multilateral trading system reappearing with any suddenness. The British economy is not well protected from outside storms or its own miscalculations. Its reserves of gold and dollars are too thin, and it seems unlikely that the Eisenhower Administration would relish being touched for a big stabilization fund right in the middle of the economy drive.

Wanted: Some Lasting Machinery

Looking farther ahead, some kind of lasting machinery will be needed to help cushion the ups and downs of world trade, and keep a constant vigil over the government policies that will make or break any international effort to keep in balance the strong dollar and the weaker currencies of Europe and Asia. On this visit, or their next one, Mr. Eden and Mr. Butler will discuss this subject too.

We are involved, for keeps, in the economic troubles of the free world. If we are going to drop the policy of trying to palliate every bad situation with temporary aid, the very first step is for us to recognize the need for close and enduring partnership with other countries. Our foreign economic policy has been driving around with dealer's license plates long enough.

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The Moslem Brotherhood—Terrorists or Just Zealots?

DONALD PETERS

CAIRO

WITHOUT the enthusiastic support of the Moslem Brotherhood, Mohammed Naguib's movement might already have met the fate of the half-dozen Egyptian Governments that preceded it in the year 1952. The Brotherhood was a full participant in Naguib's coup last summer, and much of his success since then can be attributed to the support he has received from the organization's two or three million Egyptian members.

Next to the Wafd, which is of course a political party, the Moslem Brotherhood is Egypt's largest and most powerful organization. Hassan el-Boukari and Ahmed Hussni, two of its former leaders, are now in the Cabinet. At least four members of the Officers' Committee which today runs Egypt are disciples. Army officers admit that nearly a third of their ranks participate in the Brotherhood's activities. University officials believe that about half their students, always a potent factor in Egyptian politics, belong to its campus chapters. Within the Brotherhood, however, there is a sharp division between those who want to make this organization into a political party and those who prefer to keep it a purely religious group.

The Supreme Guide

My first contact with the Moslem Brotherhood took place at the Cairo office of the Arab League. As I was leaving an interview with one of its officials, I was introduced to a young journalist whom I shall call Ibrahim, a correspondent for *Ed-Da'awa*, the unofficial weekly of the Brotherhood. Ibrahim complained that few Americans were interested in firsthand information about the organization. Most of them, including the U.S. Embassy's political reporters, he told me, got their information from hostile sources, and he said he welcomed the opportunity to give me his version of the truth.

It was Ibrahim who arranged a meeting for me with Hassan al Hadibi, Supreme Guide of the Brotherhood. The meeting took place at headquarters one evening in the midst of a student rally of university chapters of the Brotherhood. Young men thronged the spacious courtyard and the surrounding streets, and it took us nearly twenty minutes to push our way into the building where we were to hold our rendezvous. Most of the students were dressed in western-style clothing, and I saw none who wore the red tarboosh, symbol of Egyptian nationalism. They were listening quietly to a religious leader who was commenting on a prayer which they were all about to chant in unison. After the Supreme Guide arrived, the chanting began, and it continued all during our talk.

The Supreme Guide, a short, stocky man, was wearing a conservative western business suit. His dress and his dark-rimmed glasses suggested a college professor more than a religious fanatic.

BEFORE the interview, Ibrahim had told me that Hassan al Hadibi was not an original member of the Brotherhood but had been appointed Supreme Guide by King Farouk, now considered the Brotherhood's greatest enemy, three days after the assassination of Hassan al Banna, founder and first Supreme Guide. Hadibi had been a judge in Egypt's highest court and was the brother-in-law of Hussein Hussni Pasha, Special Secretary to the former King. Despite these connections, according to Ibrahim, the old guard of the Brotherhood felt a certain amount of gratitude to Hadibi because of his earnest efforts in the organization's behalf. However, they had frequently clashed with him on policy, since he was among those who insisted that the Brotherhood refrain from direct interference in politics.

When the 1936 treaty with Britain was abrogated by Egypt in 1951, Hadibi promised the King that his organization would not interfere, but the extremists ignored this promise and sent the Brotherhood's militia into the Suez Canal Zone to fight the British. As a result Hadibi's position as Supreme Guide became far from secure and subsequently his authority was openly questioned by many members.

In our interview Hadibi empha-

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sized his conviction that the Moslem Brotherhood is primarily a religious organization whose purpose is to lead Egypt and all Moslems in a return to "the spirit of Islam." He criticized the western view of the organization as a band of religious fanatics. "We are not fanatics but zealots," he declared, "zealots for the basic Islamic principles of morality and social justice."

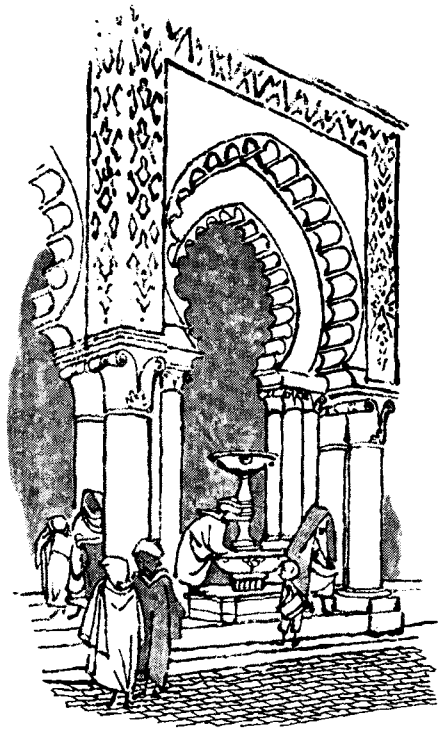
Social justice, he maintained, means a living wage, education, and social services for all citizens. His definition of morality heavily emphasized the modest role women should play in Islam, in contrast to their "brazen and offensive actions" in western society. When I asked if this would permit women to take advantage of university education, the Supreme Guide said: "I will answer your question in this way. I have two daughters. Both are university graduates. One practices medicine; the other is a university professor. I am proud of both of them. However, both observe modesty in dress and in their public appearances."

The Koran as Law

Hadibi declared that Egypt should adopt the Koran as its Constitution, and that the electoral process, public-utility legislation, and labor laws could all be built within its framework. True Islam, he went on, does not concern itself with external manifestations of daily life as expressed in the clothing or hat a man wears, the type of vehicle he uses for transport, or the way his shoes are made. True Islam is concerned with life's spiritual aspects and ignores its material side so long as it does no harm to the soul. He was therefore urging Moslems to accept the best of western technology and science and to use it in the interests of Islam.

After Egypt had its Islamic Constitution, Hadibi said, the ruler and form of government would follow the Koranic principle of *ijma*, or popular consensus of the citizens. Egypt might be a monarchy or a republic. It would make no difference as long as the people decided.

The financial system would be based on the Koran. Banking would be nationalized, and usury, that plague of the peasant, would be outlawed. Through social co-operation and an equitable taxation system, Moslems would help each other financially and social life would be protected from the evils of European civilization. Finally, there would be an attempt to unify Egypt and all the Islamic world under one Moslem ruler guided by the Koran.



"Is membership in the Moslem Brotherhood incompatible with socialist beliefs?" I asked.

"We believe in taking what is best from all social movements, from democracy, dictatorship, Communism, and socialism," Hadibi answered eagerly. "Let me use our mosque as an example of what I mean.

"There we practice something from all these beliefs. There we practice Communism because a man who comes to pray cannot be removed by another individual from any spot within the mosque he chooses for his devotions. A beggar is the equal of a caliph. In the mosque there is dictatorship when the imam who leads prayers determines when and what postures of worship are to be taken, and all must follow him. There is democracy because any worshiper may interrupt the imam and correct him should he make a mistake in his recitation. And, as I have already told you, there is socialism, because we preach that all citizens should have adequate housing, food, clothing, education, and social justice."

The Meaning of *Kuwa*

Finally I asked the Supreme Guide about the means the organization would use to achieve the creation of a Moslem state. I questioned him about the Brotherhood's motto, *"Hok, Kuwa, Huriya"*—"Law, Power, Freedom." According to the explanations I had heard, the meaning of "Law" was clear enough and "Freedom" apparently meant simply that the British must go. Among the Brothers I had met there was little difference on these two aspects of doctrine. However, there seemed to be fundamental disagreement within the organization about the concept of *Kuwa*.

The Supreme Guide agreed that this was the aspect of doctrine most subject to misinterpretation. "*Kuwa*," he said, "does not mean force, violence, or assassination." He denied the organization's connection with the murder of Prime Minister Nokrashy Pasha in 1948. "Only for national ends," he insisted, "will we use *Kuwa*." His categorical denial that paramilitary formations are maintained by the Brotherhood was at wide variance with the role played by the Brotherhood in the Suez Canal fighting early in 1952.

The Activists

The broad philosophy expressed by the faction that opposes Hadibi within the Brotherhood is similar to his. The main disagreement centers on the interpretation of *Kuwa*. Ibrahim, an activist, introduced me to several others at their main center, the editorial offices of the weekly journal *Ed-Da'awa*.

The leader of this faction is Saleh Eshmawy, founder and editor of *Ed-Da'awa*. His journal was established to replace the Brotherhood's daily and weekly publications, which were confiscated by the King after he outlawed the organization in 1949. Eshmawy is also director of the Moslem Brotherhood's Special Office. Until the trial of Nokrashy's assassin, the Special Office was unknown to outsiders and worked as a secret committee to execute the decisions taken by the Brotherhood's elected General Assembly. Its members continue

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their work today as a tightly knit, secret inner council. They are believed to be the strongest group within the Brotherhood. The two Brotherhood members in General Naguib's Cabinet are believed to attend meetings of the Special Committee. Its hand is often seen in actions which, like the Canal Zone attack, are taken in specific contradiction to the Supreme Guide's wishes.

The evening I met Eshmawy he was just saying good-by to a group of Azhar sheiks and country clerics. They were the only people I ever saw in the organization who dressed in the traditional Egyptian *galabi'ya*. Ibrahim, Eshmawy, and I were joined by two of the editors of *Ed-Da'awa* in a well-furnished office. The only wall decorations were a photograph of Hassan al Banna, the first Supreme Guide, and one of General Mohammed Naguib.

Eshmawy is a slightly built man who struck me as a much more spiritually sensitive person than Hadibi. He speaks in quiet, soft tones, never raising his voice even when making the most violent statements.

Moderate Murder

Most of our conversation centered on the use of political violence to fulfill the aims of the Moslem Brotherhood. His first point of disagreement with the Supreme Guide was in the translation of *Kuwa*. He placed much more emphasis on its translation into English as "force" rather than "power." I explained to Eshmawy that the image most Americans carried of the Moslem Brotherhood is based on this interpretation and that, because of the organization's association with the Nokrashy assassination and the Suez Canal attack, many had come to think of it as a terrorist group.

Eshmawy rejoined that *Kuwa* was never used unless in the national cause, in defense of Egypt's freedom. When freedom is threatened, he argued, it is not only the right but the duty of Moslems to use force in its defense. The assassination of Nokrashy, according to this argument, was an obligation.

But how, I asked, can a modern state exist if minorities within the body politic use force to thwart the decisions of citizens at large?

Under King Farouk, Eshmawy said, Egypt was not a democratic state. The people were not in a position to take democratic decisions. It was therefore incumbent upon the Moslem Brotherhood to come to their defense against tyrants such as Nokrashy. Violence was never used without giving the target several chances to mend his ways or get out. "Assassination," he asserted, "occurs only after we have first advised the victim of his errors, then warned him. If he ignores our advice and warning, only then do we shoot him."

As director of the Special Committee, Eshmawy gave the orders for both the assassination of Nokrashy and the Canal Zone attack. He openly advocated converting the Moslem Brotherhood from a social foundation to a political party, because he believes that religion and politics are one.

When the Brotherhood's General Assembly was discussing a successor to Hadibi last winter, Eshmawy and Boukari, the latter one of the Brotherhood Cabinet Ministers, were the most popular candidates. Ibrahim and his friends believe that both these men are much closer spiritually and politically to Hassan al Banna than the Farouk-appointed Supreme Guide.

Banna long ago attempted to bring the Brotherhood into Egyptian political life. In 1944 he tried to run for Parliament as a Brotherhood candidate, but was disqualified by election officials. The first Supreme Guide also gave forceful interpretation to *Kuwa*. In the war against Israel he organized the first Brotherhood paramilitary formations and sent them into Palestine to wage guerrilla warfare against the Zionists.

According to Ibrahim, the King feared the growing strength of the organization as revealed by this intervention in Palestine, and so his "Iron Guard" of palace officers murdered Hassan al Banna as a royal birthday present on February 12, 1949. This was shortly after the King had banned the Moslem Brotherhood, confiscated its property, and sent about fifteen thousand of its members off to concentration camps in the Sinai Desert.

WHEN the Wafd came to power in 1951, it freed most of the imprisoned Brothers and let the organization come out from underground. The existence of the Brotherhood's militia is still a semi-secret, but its activity under General Mohammed Bey in the Canal Zone could hardly be concealed. When I asked one of Eshmawy's followers if the Brotherhood militia would be disbanded now that a Government of which the organization approved had come to power, he answered: "It's still too early to know whether or not we will need our military force."

To date relations between the Moslem Brotherhood and General Naguib have been more than cordial. However, now that the revolution's initial phases have passed, danger signals have begun to appear. Recently when Naguib addressed the students of Ibrahim University in Cairo, he was greeted with chants of "The Koran is our constitution!"

If compromises can be made between those who demand a monarchy and those who urge a republic, between those who want Egypt to be a western democracy and those who insist that it be an Islamic theocracy, the Naguib régime will succeed. If not, the activists of the "zealous but not fanatical" Moslem Brotherhood are waiting.

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Iraq: Dilemma For the West

RAY ALAN

One of the most frustrating duties of world leadership is that it forces us to understand the internal politics of strange and distant lands, to keep in mind their cross-currents of power and interest, and to learn to pronounce the names of their leaders. Yet the politics of Middle Eastern countries are important to us. They illuminate the familiar dilemma we face, and have helped create through economic development, all over Asia—whether to support the entrenched leaders of the status quo or rely on unstable and unpredictable elements that favor social and economic progress but whose devotion to our anti-Communist cause is at least questionable.

Mesopotamia was the center of the world in the days of the Babylonian and Assyrian Empires. Today, renamed Iraq, it has a central position again, but this time as a prize in a game of world power—the prize consisting of a tenth of the world's oil reserves, some military airfields, and a desperate people groping for a way out of their wretchedness.

BAGHDAD

TWO MONTHS of military rule have only recently ended in Baghdad. As this is written the army is still a conspicuous feature of the landscape. All is calm; the régime's leading critics are in jail, and Opposition parties, newspapers, and meetings are banned.

Yet a scuffle between two vagabonds in the bazaar or the sudden closing of a couple of roller-shutters at an unusual hour (the merchants are generally the first to sense trouble, and the roar as they all pull down their metal shutters and bolt and bar their premises sounds like the overture to Armageddon) is sufficient to crystallize the tension in an instant. Foreigners and upper-class Iraqis quicken their pace, and the street crowd turns and coalesces expectantly. Blackened walls, boarded-up windows, and security circulars prey naggingly on the peace of mind of a community that was still trying to forget the riots of five years ago when the bloodshed and arson of last November broke out.

Shifting Sands

The November riots grew out of a campaign by the Opposition parties for electoral reform, but were directed as much against the West and the Anglo-Iraqi treaty of 1930 as against the régime.

The 1930 treaty and its chief defender, Nuri Pasha es-Said, are the sole pillars of stability and continuity that stand out from the political quicksands of two decades of Iraqi independence. On the day they disappear Iraq will face anarchy. Nuri, aged sixty-four and in failing health, is already anxious to retire from politics, but events conspire to keep him, if not always at the helm, at least at the helmsman's ear. The treaty will either expire, be abrogated, or be replaced during the life of the present Iraqi Parliament.

It was the 1930 treaty that paved the way for Iraq's independence and membership in the League of Nations—until 1918 the country had been a province of the Ottoman Empire—but these initial benefits soon came to be overlooked. Most articulate Iraqis viewed the treaty from its inception with cynicism because it was negotiated and signed while their nation was still under British mandate.

The treaty permits Britain to maintain two airbases in Iraq—at Habbaniya near Baghdad and at Shaiba, in the extreme south near Basra. Their strategic significance has shrunk with the lengthening of range in combat aircraft and the construction of American bases in Turkey and at Dhahran in Saudi Arabia; but they are important to the internal stability of the country—the major consideration when they were sited. Habbaniya-based aircraft have on occasion been called out to crush Kurdish and Bedouin risings; both bases played a vital part in the defeat of the military putsch led by Rashid Ali el-Gailani in 1941; and withdrawal of this substantial British umbrella would expose both the western-owned Iraq Petroleum Company and the Hashemite royal family to heavy weather.

IRAQIS are split into two mutually intolerant Moslem communities—the fanatical, obscurantist Shiites, who are in a majority, and the orthodox Sunnis. The Sunnis are further divided racially into mutually contemptuous Arabs and Kurds. The Hashemite dynasty suffers from the double disadvantage of being both Sunnis and British protégés. It was Britain that found thrones for the family, in custom-built Jordan as well as Iraq.

On the whole the Hashemites have remained dependably loyal to their fairy godmother. It is largely because of them and their mainly Sunni allies, the feudal notables of whom Nuri es-Said is the most gifted

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representative, that the Anglo-Iraqi treaty has survived to reach what for a Near Eastern agreement is a ripe old age. Nuri Pasha, in particular, has shepherded landowning notables and tribal sheiks into a generally pro-British alliance of interests.

Up to a few years ago, it must be added—during the period of the mandate and the first decade of independence—notables and sheiks no less than the royal family needed Britain at least as much as British officials found it useful to lean on them; and so long as political power remained the plaything of these three elements (and plaything it was, with thirty-three changes of Government, seven of them by *coup d'état,* in twenty years), Iraq's basic British orientation was never seriously imperiled, however much disagreement there may have been on the internal problem of sharing the sweets of office.

But professional men, civil servants, junior army officers, merchants' sons, and the like were and still are bitterly conscious of their politically underprivileged status. Only the more reckless, however, dared risk imprisonment or exile by attacking the régime directly. The majority found it safer to voice their discontent in "nationalistic" terms. This technique found favor also with the men in power, who were themselves inclined henceforth to attribute their shortcomings to British interference. Iraqi politics degenerated into a contest in anti-British name calling in which the real problems facing the country were ignored by all participants.

It was a contest that culminated, almost inevitably, in the Rashid Ali coup of 1941. The Moslem divines, encouraged by a group of popular military officers, declared a holy war on Britain; the Regent (the unpopular Emir Abdul-Illah) and a small group of pro-British notables fled, and the Iraqi Army marched on Habbaniya—to be ingloriously routed by a hastily gathered British force.

Peasant Discontent

Depressed by disease and oppressed by feudalism, the average Iraqi deserves a priority place on the waiting list for human rights and a better world. Eighty per cent of Iraq's five million people are dependent for their livelihood on the land; but peasant proprietorship, so important a stabilizing factor in Europe, is almost nonexistent.

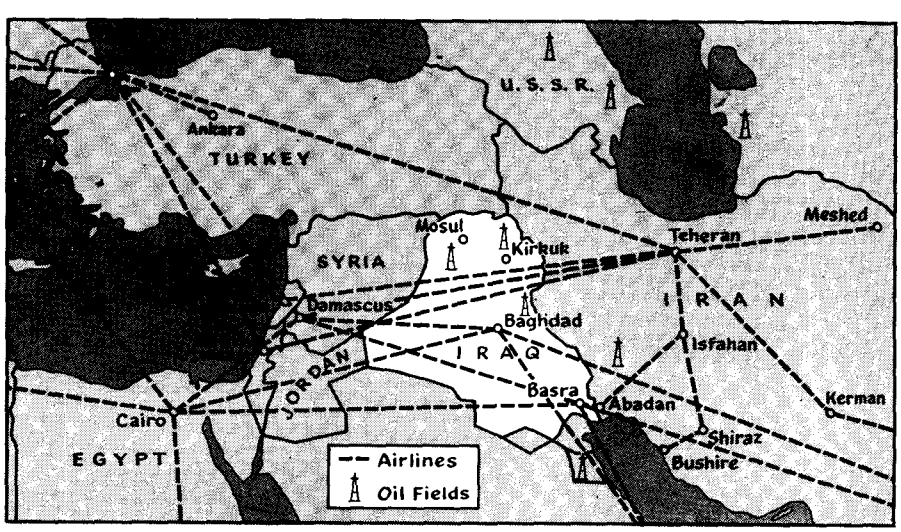
Condemned by an ironclad system of absentee landlordism to an existence of almost Stone Age primitiveness, the Iraqi peasant has no margin for minor comforts, emergencies, or even medical expenditures. If he is ill he must lie in a corner of the mud floor of his one-room shack until nature takes its course. He has, of course, no incentive to effect improvements on the land, the bulk of whose benefits others would enjoy. A quarter of the irrigated land of Iraq has gone out of cultivation in modern times because its cultivators lacked the incentive to make the effort needed to ensure effective drainage. The soil becomes saline and stale, and the peasants move elsewhere. The process is still going on. The wandering Communist who drops in to tell villagers of wonders allegedly achieved in Red China since the abolition of landlordism there finds eager audiences.

The men in power have sought desperately to short-circuit the dangerous new social currents of the postwar era with increased nationalist and xenophobic bombast. Other aspirants to power have, as usual, tried to outdo them. The original British target has been widened to take in other western powers and the Jews. Nuri Pasha, to spare Britain, has concentrated on Israel and the military régime in Syria. The mob itself, agitated primarily by middle-class groups but also by Communist elements, came crashing decisively onto the scene for the first time in January, 1948, in the demonstrations that overthrew the two-week-old Portsmouth Treaty.

The Election Crisis

The Portsmouth Treaty attempted to replace the 1930 pact in good time by a slightly more discreet arrangement that would safeguard Britain's privileged position in Iraq for another generation; and it was the knowledge that Whitehall was plucking up courage for a second and final attempt to secure a new treaty that lay behind the Opposition parties' violent insistence on electoral reform last November. Elections were due to take place in December (as a result of the riots they were not held until January this year), and the British Embassy made no secret of the fact that the moment Nuri and his friends had gone through the motions of being re-elected a fresh approach to the treaty would be made.

Nuri resigned on July 9, 1952, in favor of a "caretaker" Government headed by his Minister of State, Sayed Mustafa el-Umari—an elderly pillar of the status quo who could be relied upon to manage the elections. Two of his last Ministerial acts were to make it an offense to criticize the conduct of the elections once they had been held and to transfer an area of state domain to tribal chiefs of the Amara district so as to ensure the support of their block votes, under the common practice whereby sheiks vote on be-



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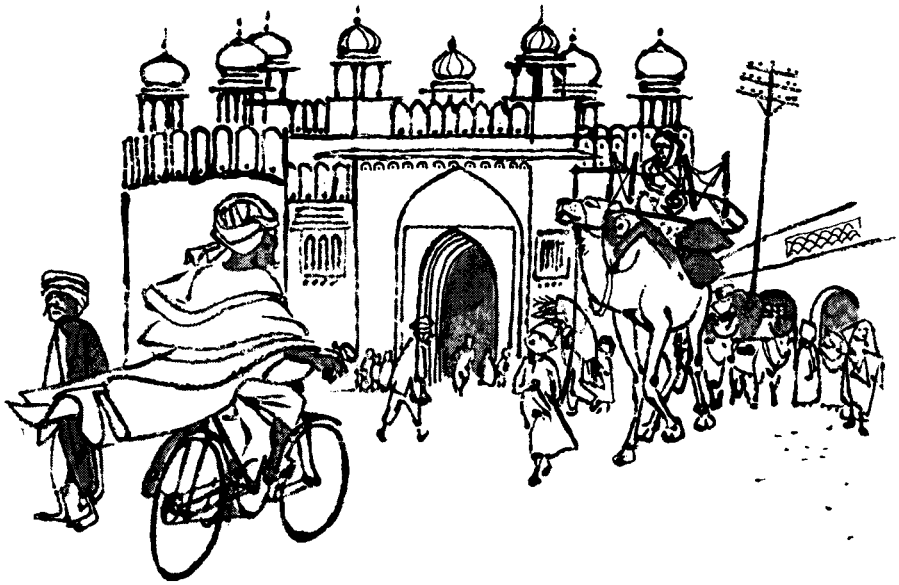

half of their tribesmen and tenants. These tactics were more eloquent than the fiercest Opposition speech, and the four Opposition parties' campaign for reform grew shriller.

Three of the four made joint representations to the Palace. General Taha el-Hashimi, leader of the United Popular Front, quarreled violently with the Regent over the latter's opposition to electoral reform and then, accompanied by Kamel Chaderchi, leader of the National Democrats, walked out, declaring that further attempts to reason with the authorities would clearly be useless. This was on November 3. Later the same day all four Opposition groups decided to hold joint demonstrations to press for reform (failing which they agreed to boycott the polls), abrogation of the 1930 treaty, and a strictly neutral stand in the cold war. Three of the four parties further agreed on nationalization of the Iraq Petroleum Company and abolition of the Palace's right to dismiss a Prime Minister.

There followed two and a half weeks of the most frenzied political agitation the country has ever experienced, culminating in the demonstrations that gave the mob its second incursion into Iraqi politics.

General Nuiddin Mahmoud, the army chief of staff, took over the Government at the Regent's request on the second day of the riots. He promised measures to bring down the cost of living and announced that election reforms would be conceded. With the Opposition leaders and two hundred of their main supporters in jail, this could be risked.

When the elections did finally take place in January, it was found that extraordinary powers were suddenly vested in members of the electoral committees appointed to supervise the polling and register votes on behalf of the illiterates who make up ninety per cent of the enfranchised public. For example, where ballot boxes contained more votes than there had been voters, the electoral committees were authorized to make the necessary adjustment!

Supporters of Nuri won almost eighty per cent of the Parliamentary seats—more than half of them unopposed, since so many prospective Opposition candidates had been arrested.

At the end of January General Mahmoud withdrew most of his armored units from the capital and resigned in favor of a Cabinet whose key posts were all held by traditional associates of Nuri's. The new Premier was Jamil Bey el-Midfai, President of the Senate and confidant of the Regent; Nuri himself became Minister of Defense. Despite riots and "electoral reform," an unmistakably treaty-minded Government was again in office.

Communists and Xenophobes

One may draw comfort from the absence of any strong nation-wide Communist or other Kremlin-actuated party. Communists there are, indeed, among the oil workers of Kirkuk, the port workers of Basra, and the students, professional men, and government officials of Baghdad; there are also Communist sympathizers in the lower commissioned ranks of the army and among the Kurdish separatists of the north. But the British-trained Criminal Investigation Department of the Iraqi police claims to keep closer tabs on the country's Communists than are kept in any other Arab state (which is probably true, though the criterion is unimpressive) and puts their total number at around 45,000—less than one per cent of the population.

Not all the 45,000 or so are indoctrinated militants. At least half base their "Communism" on an obsessive hatred of the West that is more deeply rooted in nationalism and religious fanaticism than in anything Marx or Lenin ever propounded. There is a small, purposeful hard core of Communists in the conventional sense of the word—dispersed, however, in apparently ill-co-ordinated groups that are undoubtedly hampered, when they try to work on a national scale, by immense geographical distances, poor and easily controlled communications, and the deep Shiite-Sunni and Arab-Kurd religious and racial divisions that crisscross Iraqi society.

Thus there is no organization comparable to the Tudeh Party in Iran or the Wafd and Moslem Brotherhood in Egypt which might be capable of seizing power in several population centers at once and operating the state machine. Had one existed, it could have taken the country over easily on at least three occasions in the past five years. However, a purely negative, unorganized, xenophobic nationalism such as drove the British from Iran can inflict just as grievous economic and strategic damage on the democracies as any slick Moscow-contrived *coup d'état*.

It is all the more tragic that internal breakdown arising from political and social unrest should threaten Iraq at a time when, if the over-all economic factor were alone decisive, its future would seem assured. Its oil revenue this year will

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be in the neighborhood of $126 million—three times what it was in 1951—with further increases promised annually for the next four years. The country's total budget normally is around $60 million.

Seventy per cent of the income from oil is being set aside for development and education. In the past, "development" has too often meant the improvement of the biggest private estates in the interests of their owners, with higher rents for the peasants who work them. If the new development projects that are envisaged are to bring social as well as technical improvement, it will be essential to reverse the present trend whereby already powerful landowners are permitted to annex state lands and influential sheiks to secure registration of tribal land in their own names as the price of their political loyalty.

The Dilemma's Horns

The problem for the western powers is to persuade Nuri Pasha and his friends to concede reforms before it is too late—to ensure that the full benefit of Iraq's oil income seeps down to the wretches at the base of the social pyramid. But even if Nuri were sold on the idea, he would have little hope of convincing the landowners and sheiks, on whose good will his political position depends. If he insisted, they would withdraw their support, and one of the few Asian statesmen genuinely friendly toward the West would fall. He would, similarly, be overwhelmed if the western powers, standing on their principles, were to insist on democratic elections. Although Britain, in particular, has every right to be grateful to Nuri for his past services, can the West justify its crusade for freedom in the eyes of Asia's decisive millions while purchasing stability and friendship at the price of acquiescence in corrupt and often oppressive misgovernment?

If we put our diplomatic and propagandist weight on the side of democracy and reform, we run the short-term risk of being without influential friends in Iraq until the new elements that are thrown up learn to trust us. If we decide to help the present régime hang on for as long as possible and turn a blind eye to its imperfections, we face the long-term risk that the crash, when it comes, will be all the more violent.

The Sudan Faces Independence

ODEN and OLIVIA MEEKER

Khartoum

Here in Khartoum, the Middle East seems much closer than the heart of Africa. The town's name means "elephant's trunk," and there are camels and minarets, feluccas with lateen rigs in the Nile, and sandstorms called haboobs. The great lion-colored desert stretches away toward Cairo in the north.

It is hot and dry here. Water is commonly served in glasses that hold slightly more than a pint; people talk about the ninety-seven-degree winter temperature as crisp, and are rather proud of the fact that one of the world's highest temperatures was recorded at Wadi Halfa in the northern Sudan in April, 1903.

The Sudan is a big country, a million square miles; its eight million people include everything from Kipling's Fuzzy-Wuzzies, the first tribesmen to break the British regulars' defensive square, some of the most primitive people in tropical Africa, to urbane Arab merchants. Slowly the country has been preparing for self-government, to be followed by independence. Now its British tutors say it is ready.

The word "Sudan" means "the Land of the Slaves," and it was the south, the original Sudan, which was the goal of Egyptian slave raiders as early as 2800 B.C. and which is still looked down on as backward and no-account by the relatively advanced Islamic North. The million or so Dinkas and the scattering of other tribes throughout the south are fisherfolk along the rivers, and raise beautiful lyre-horned cattle. They are mainly Negroid (though with the centuries of slave trading there has been a good deal of mixing, north and south), worship the tribal gods for the most part (though Christianity has made some headway among the Dinkas), and are related to peoples across the frontiers in Ethiopia, Uganda, the Belgian Congo, and French Equatorial Africa.

They are no match for the city slickers of the north, who traditionally have exploited the backward south, and it is one of Britain's main responsibilities in preparing the country for self-government and then independence to see that there are sufficient safeguards for the southerners so that they won't be at the mercy of the north.

Cotton and Gumdrops

A little foreign capital is now being invested in the Sudan, but most

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projects are initiated by the government, the only body rich enough to undertake the necessary long-term developments. Big irrigation and settlement schemes, like that in the Gezira triangle's twelve thousand square miles, are paying off in food, cotton, and government income. Profits from the Gezira now account for more than half of all public revenues.

Nearly everything is neatly planned and officially controlled, rather as in the Panama Canal, except that the Sudan can and does support itself. There hasn't been a deficit since 1912. Secondary education and health services are at public expense. (In the latter, the Sudan anticipated Britain.) Crop experiments or large-scale operations such as mechanical plowing in the Gezira are charged to the community rather than to individuals.

The Sudan is still a poor country, but thanks to the Gezira and to the promise of other agricultural projects, it will be a viable state—unlike most of the rest of the forty-odd political units in Africa, which have been called "lands of the future" for the last hundred years and still are. There are deposits of iron and other minerals in the Sudan, and a bit of industry around Khartoum, but as far as anybody can see into the future, the wealth of the country will be agricultural. Next to cotton, the most important crop is gum arabic, used in such things as gumdrops and on the backs of postage stamps. The Sudan furnishes about seven-eighths of the world's supply and in return reaps about $8.5 million annually. As a lightly populated country capable of great crop expansion, the Sudan will undoubtedly turn more and more to producing foodstuffs for export: The cattle industry is growing, and a meat-canning factory is now going up south of Khartoum.

Rivers and Swamps

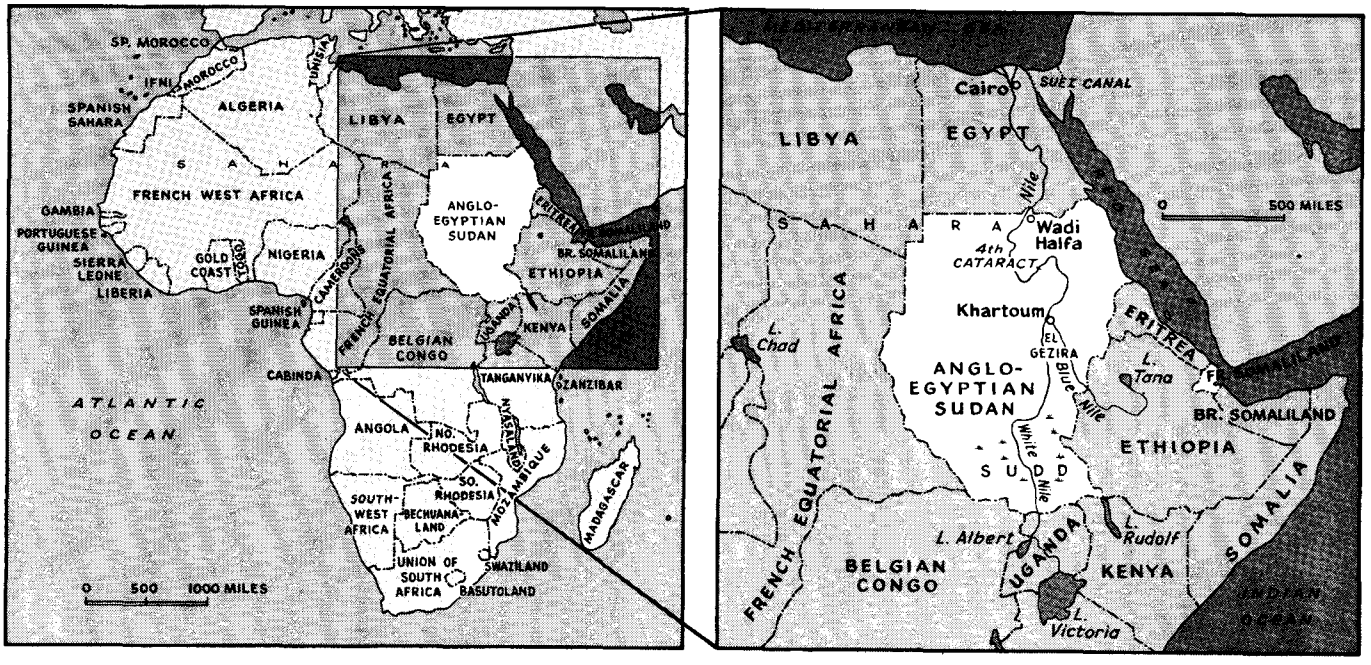
The Sudan is one vast plain, broken only by a few mountains in the extreme south and east, and by the great southern swampland called the Sudd, abode of papyrus and hippopotami, where the White Nile trickles in on one side and seeps out the other. The river loses about half its water this way, and a canal to by-pass the Sudd and save a great part of this water for Egypt and the Sudan is part of the Sudanese hydrological master plan for the next twenty to twenty-five years. The millions of acres of Sudd swampland, if drained, could be one vast rice bowl.

The nearly completed Owen Falls dam, which will use Lake Victoria as a vast reservoir, is also part of the plan, as are another dam for Lake Albert, a Fourth Cataract reservoir on the Nile (mainly for Egypt's benefit), and the Lake Tana dam project in Ethiopia—if Egypt ever gets around to negotiating with the other powers, as it promised first in 1935 and again in 1946. Because of Egypt's established rights in the river upon which its very existence depends, the Egyptian government must be a party to all these agreements.

THE PROBLEMS facing the Sudan as it prepares to become master of its own affairs are both Middle Eastern and African in character. Strategically part of the Middle East, Khartoum is a vital link in Britain's air routes to both East and West Africa. Relations with Egypt, naturally interested in controlling the Sudan to ensure its frontiers and its water supply, are delicate at best.

In the Sudan the Communists, who dominate the Workers' Federation, a union which claims 150,000 members, have more influence than they do in other African countries south of the Sahara. The party's orders come from Cairo.

Problems of extreme nationalism, education, and training for government are probably much the same in the Sudan as they are in other colonial and semi-colonial areas in this part of the world, whether African or Middle Eastern. The southern Sudan has a special liability in its long victimization by the slave trade, which has left it comparatively retarded, but the country as a whole, like Uganda and British West Africa, is free from the terrible



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problem of race that bedevils most dependent areas. And it doesn't have the problems of conflicting interests between white settlers and Africans that harry Kenya, Tanganyika, the Rhodesias, and, of course, the Union of South Africa.

Exit the Condominium

The chief provisions of the Condominium Agreements signed by Britain and Egypt in Cairo in 1899 and reaffirmed for twenty years in 1936 are that the British and Egyptian flags shall fly together in the Sudan, that all civil and military power there shall be vested in the Governor-General, and that he shall be appointed by the King of Egypt following the advice of the British government. So far, this advice has never been refused.

Actually, the British have run the show pretty much by themselves since the murder of Governor-General Sir Lee Stack in Cairo in 1924, after which Egyptian civil and military personnel in the Sudan were sent packing. The participation of Sudanese in their own government has been encouraged until they now hold eighty-seven per cent of all the posts in the Sudan civil service; only two per cent are Egyptians.

Now the condominium, described by Lord Cromer as "a hybrid form of government hitherto unknown to international jurisprudence," is on its way out. On October 8, 1951, the Wafd Government of Egypt announced in a pet that it had abrogated both the 1899 Condominium Agreement and the 1936 Anglo-Egyptian Treaty which reaffirmed it for twenty years. Britain refused to recognize this action, claiming the agreement could not be broken unilaterally.

With the new régime of General Naguib, whose mother was a Sudanese and who himself was educated at Gordon College in Khartoum, the British have been dealing with the first moderately receptive Egyptian Government in the history of their negotiations concerning the Sudan.

They have made the best of their opportunity. On February 12 an Anglo-Egyptian agreement was signed giving the Sudan immediate self-government. Legislative elections are to be held forthwith. A special international commission—with a Pakistani chairman, and one British, one Egyptian, and two Sudanese members—will assist and in some matters control the British Governor-General, who will still be the top constitutional authority during the transition period. The Sudanese must hold a plebiscite in which, as the New York *Times* put it, "the Sudan will be free to choose complete independence, to join in some sort of union with Egypt or to follow any other course it pleases."

The Future

Complete independence may seem attractive to some Sudanese. Looking about them at their neighbors, they can see countries much less viable than the Sudan getting something called independence. Libya is now an independent state juridically but highly dependent economically. The Gold Coast and Nigeria are well on their way to statehood. Uganda may be being quietly prepared for it. Eritrea has achieved autonomy under the Ethiopian crown. Greatly increased self-government should be forthcoming shortly in both British East Africa and British Central Africa.

Many Egyptians will certainly agitate for a continuing link with the Sudan. Their bitterness at the way they have been shut out of the Sudan is reflected in the extreme importance they attach to the title "King of Egypt and the Sudan." But it is possible that some sort of face-saving nominal recognition can be arranged. General Naguib, up north, said the February 12 agreement marked a new chapter in the relations between the Egyptians and their Sudanese brothers—"a chapter of brotherhood, love, and confidence." The hope is that the favorite old nationalist cry, "Unity of the Nile Valley!", so long used to stir up crowds in Egypt, won't break out again and prevent the present Government from settling for anything short of full Egyptian sovereignty over the Sudan.

Until recently there has been hardly a whisper about the possibility of the Sudan's joining the British Commonwealth. Not long ago only one small political party openly advocated it, and the British, playing it cosy, were careful not to encourage the party lest it infuriate Egypt. Now, however, the secretary-general of the larger Umma Party, leader of the last Legislative Assembly, has said that after gaining independence, the Sudan should join the Commonwealth, possibly on the same terms as India. He also believes the Sudan should join the projected Middle East Defense Organization as well as the Arab League if the latter will agree to support the defense organization.

Other political groups are still silent, but there is evidence that the tribal Sudanese, who comprise ninety-five per cent of the population, might support the Commonwealth as their best protection. The British, while welcoming the idea of the Sudan as a future member of the Commonwealth, have been reluctant to raise the issue until there is some indication of the position of Prime Minister Malan of South Africa, who is notably unenthusiastic about the addition of non-white dominions. But after the recent self-government agreement was signed, British Foreign Secretary Anthony Eden told the House of Commons that the Sudanese might apply for membership in the British Commonwealth if they chose complete independence in their plebiscite.

These are all present possibilities. In the end no one can be certain until the plebiscite is held and the Sudanese can indicate what they themselves want.

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A New Life For Fritz Mosinger

T. K. BROWN

At 9:30 on the morning of December 2, 1952, Fritz Mosinger, the district attorney of Frankfurt an der Oder, in the Soviet Zone of Germany, found out that he was in serious trouble. The warden of the city prison was on the wire to tell him that the chief of police had ordered a cell to be prepared for a "prominent person" who would be arrested in the course of the day. Fritz Mosinger knew, from various events of the past several days, that this cell was intended for himself and that he would have to flee. During the next hour he was a very busy man.

Mosinger went first by taxi to a friend in the poultry-and-egg business who made frequent trips to Berlin, fifty miles away. He told his friend that it was quite important for him to get to Berlin immediately, and was pleased to learn that a truck full of chickens would be leaving that morning at eleven. It was arranged that the truck would stop at his office to pick him up.

His problem now was to keep the chief of police so busy that he would not have time to call the attorney general's office in Potsdam and arrange for the arrest warrant to be issued. On the principle that the best defense is attack, he hurried back to his office, telephoned the chief of police, and ordered him to come to his office at once with the political commissar. When the two arrived, he launched an impassioned, even perhaps somewhat hysterical, criticism of the efficiency of the police.

"Why do police investigations take so long?" he asked. "Why can't your men give coherent testimony in court? Why do they carry the red-colored arrest warrant in their hands when they go through the streets, so the culprits see what's coming and get away? Why aren't they able to serve half the warrants they go out with?"

"Perhaps, Herr Mosinger," the chief of police said, "because the people have been warned that an arrest is about to be made." There was a grim smile on his face, and Mosinger suddenly got the feeling that the chief of police already had the warrant for his arrest in his pocket. But he did not lose his nerve; he continued with his accusations, pulled documents from the files to substantiate them, and kept looking out the window for the truck.

Shortly after eleven it came. With dismay Mosinger saw the driver get out and enter the building, obviously with the intention of announcing his readiness to take Herr Mosinger to Berlin. "Excuse me a moment," he said to the chief of police. "I want to get a colleague from the next office. He has a very interesting case to report."

He caught the driver in the hall. A minute later he was in the truck and it pulled away. To the background of clucking and squawking chickens, he left his life behind him on the hegira to Berlin, while the chief of police and the political commissar waited in his office and wondered what was taking him so long.

Fritz Mosinger left the truck in the Soviet Sector of Berlin. At the Alexanderplatz he boarded the subway; a few minutes later he had become one of the 15,787 men, women, and children who during the month of December fled from the Eastern Zone of Germany—the so-called German Democratic Republic—to the insecurity and hardships of life as a refugee in west Berlin.

Stamps, Signatures, Notations

It was while I was looking into the refugee problem that I made the acquaintance of Mosinger, who was recommended to me as a "typical case." I met him on the third day after his flight to west Berlin. He was living in a cheap hotel in a devastated area south of the Kurfürstendamm. He was dressed in the shabby clothes that mark the inhabitant of Soviet Germany. I found him to be a man of about fifty, tall and awkward, with large hands and Adam's apple, and unruly hair that fell con-

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tinually into his pale eyes. His face was lean, with a scar across the chin, and there was nothing heroic about his appearance whatsoever.

Mosinger apologized for his modest accommodations and explained that after he had exchanged his eastmarks for westmarks, at the free-market rate of about five to one, he hadn't had much choice. He estimated that he could hold out for another couple of days; if by then his processing as a refugee hadn't reached the point where he could enter a refugee camp—"Well," he said, smiling, "I'll just get on a train and go back to Frankfurt."

I asked him to tell me something about the procedure that a refugee must go through, and in reply he took a document from his wallet and handed it to me. It was the form, he explained, that all refugees get, and its sections are filled in consecutively as the refugee proceeds through his processing. Mosinger's document was decorated with stamps, signatures, and notations in its first few boxes—"Registration," "Physical Examination," "X-ray," "Allied Control Agency," and "Eligibility." The rest was blank—"Assignment," "Preliminary Hearing," "Main Hearing" (here the curt German term *Bundesnotaufnahmeverfahren*), and so on. I asked Herr Mosinger about "Eligibility" and "Assignment."

" 'Eligibility' I did yesterday," he said. "That was very easy. While you have been visiting the doctor and the hospital and so on, the authorities have been finding out whether there is any reason for not wanting to accept you as a refugee. Maybe you are a known agent of the Eastern Zone secret service or have already gone through the whole refugee process and been turned down—then you flunk out right here. 'Assignment' comes up tomorrow—they told me to get there early and bring my lunch, so I suppose it's another one of those all-day affairs, like yesterday and the day before. Why don't you come along and keep me company?"

I GOT to Kuno Fischerstrasse at about ten o'clock the next morning. It is a short street, only one block long, in the British Sector, and it was full of people. The day was cold and most of the refugees in the street were not dressed adequately. Many of the women wore shabby cotton dresses; many of the men were in shirtsleeves. There were a good many children, some in baby carriages (along with the family possessions), some in their mothers' arms, some running about in the street. Everyone looked poor, bored, and unhappy.

Inside the building it was almost impossible to move. The aisles were packed with masses of people waiting in line. Mosinger did not appear to be among them. I made my way down the hall and finally found him at the head of the line outside Room 8. We had just enough time to shake hands when a man stuck his head out of the door of Room 8 and hollered, "Number 67!" "That's me," Mosinger said. "Lucky today—been waiting only three hours." I followed him into the room, which was bare and ugly, like all German governmental offices; four desks occupied the four corners, and at all but one an official was interrogating a refugee. Mosinger's official led him to his desk, indicated the chair in which he should sit, sat down also, took a form from a drawer, ceremoniously inspected the point of his pen, and dipped it in the inkwell. "Name?" he asked.

I watched for a while as the official extracted from Mosinger the necessary personalia and started closing in on the reasons why he had absented himself from his previous place of domicile and employ. When it was all over, we fought our way out of the building.

"Well, that's that," he said, when we were out on the street. "I told them all they wanted to know, and they have invited me to join the happy family." He showed me the assignment to a refugee camp that he had received. Then he explained that his case was going to take some time; the district attorney of a major city was not a run-of-the-mill refugee, and a lot of papers and affidavits were going to be necessary.

"I have the feeling that they don't quite know whether to welcome me as a hero or throw me in jail," Mosinger said. "Well, it will be interesting to find out what decision they reach."

Four Hours, Fifty Pfennigs

A lot of other matters got in the way, and it was not until two weeks later that I saw Fritz Mosinger again, when I visited him in his refugee camp. This "camp," like most in west Berlin, was not a camp at all but a building in the center of the city. It stood almost alone on its street, in a badly damaged part of town, amidst empty lots and huge piles of bricks that had been chipped clean of plaster and stacked neatly against the day when the buildings they had composed could be rebuilt.

The camp building itself had by no means escaped the violence that had brought its fellows low. One wing was a skeleton, and the top two floors of six were windowless, lightless, and doorless. Nevertheless, as I later discovered, they were inhabited by several hundred people. The building had originally contained offices, but there was only one in it

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now, a wholesale hardware firm on the ground floor, with an angry sign on the door: "Refugees! No Information Here! Do Not Enter!" Before the entrance to the camp, across the street, and in the vacant lots to either side there were many people: men and women standing in loose groups or sitting on the curb, children clambering over the bricks or playing hopscotch but mostly just standing around too.

I found Mosinger—after proving to the satisfaction of the camp administration that I was harmless—in the courtyard of the building, where he was shoveling garbage into cans for disposal. "Fifty pfennigs for four hours," he said cheerfully, after we had shaken hands. "That's what we get for helping out around the house. And don't think we do it just for the exercise," he added energetically. "This is important money. We get five marks a month handout—*after* we've had our hearing, which I haven't yet. Until then, not a pfennig, except by the sweat of our brow. Well, let me show you around."

On our way back into the building we passed several people gathered around a large pile of straw in the bombed-out wing, stuffing it into sacks. "Making beds," Mosinger explained.

We climbed the stairs to the third floor, and now went along the corridor to the left until we reached a huge dormitory at the end. "My quarters," Mosinger said. There were about a hundred beds in the room, some of them double-decker cots, some of them mattresses lying on the stone floor, most of them the straw-filled sacks we had seen in the courtyard. On and around these beds were men, women, and children, sitting or reclining, sewing or reading or pottering about, or just doing nothing. Around each bed there was a pathetic little clutter of personal effects: a sagging knapsack, a battered suitcase, a shabby suit hung on a hook, a line of tattered laundry strung from bedpost to wall.

The Question

I asked Mosinger how many people he had saved from imprisonment or worse, and he estimated that it had been in the neighborhood of a hundred. Then I asked the question that had been puzzling me ever since I had met him, and which I thought would be a crucial issue at his hearing.

"Herr Mosinger," I said, "when you get to your hearing it's going to feel to you like a trial, where you

are not the prosecuting attorney but the defendant. A man behind a desk is going to fix you with a cold eye and say, 'For seven years you have been a prominent, responsible, and presumably trusted official in the Eastern Zone system of justice. If what you say is true, how did you get away with it?' Now what is your answer going to be?"

"Well," Mosinger said, "my answer will consist mainly of the couple of dozen affidavits I'll have from people I helped to escape. Also five or six witnesses to testify in person. Then, if they keep on asking how it was possible, I'll tell them the truth: You save the innocent by punishing the guilty. Let me give you an example. There was an old man in my district, nearly eighty years old. His sole means of support was an old-age pension of sixty eastmarks a month. Since no one can live on that, he helped himself out by collecting eggs from the farmers in his neighborhood and taking them to his daughter in west Berlin, who gave him westmarks for them, which he changed at the free-market rate; and this gave him barely enough to stay alive. But they have a law over there called the Law for the Protection of the Domestic Economy, and the old man was breaking this law, so they threw him in jail. Minimum sentence, five years. The prison doctor found him to be suffering from senile dementia, but no matter, they were going to put him on trial. Now, I don't regard such a poor unfortunate creature as a criminal, and I don't believe any system but a tyrannical system would insist on prosecuting him as a criminal.

"Well, as it happened, a similar case turned up a few days later, but with a difference. We caught a rich farmer who for more than a year had been smuggling two hundred pounds of meat a week into west Berlin. Now that fellow is a real criminal, depriving the hungry people of the Eastern Zone of food while at the same time he undersells the struggling shopkeepers in west Berlin, thus doing wrong in both directions, so to speak. Well, I see to it that this case is first on the calendar, and he gets the works—I ask for a heavy sentence, and he gets it. Then, while everybody is feeling righteous about this victory of 'democratic justice' over 'reactionary-capitalist criminal elements in our progressive society,' I let the case of the old man come up, and it seems so trivial that they turn him loose. If I have any other innocent people in my jail on such occasions, I try to get them turned loose too."

We had reached the head of a food line in the course of this conversation, which was interrupted while Mosinger presented his pan and had it filled with thick soup from a twenty-gallon kettle. A hatchet-faced Red Cross nurse was standing next to it, keeping the line moving, snarling back at those who complained of the food, and seeing to it that no one took more than two slices of the unbuttered black bread stacked beside her. Mosinger and I went back upstairs to the dormitory, where we sat on his pallet, leaning against the cold stone wall, while he ate.

"There were lots of other ways to save the innocent, of course. One of the easiest was simply to warn them

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of their impending arrest. There were a couple of very decent fellows in the police force, whom I would send to arrest somebody when I knew he wasn't at home. When his wife opened the door they would say, 'Where's your husband? We've come to arrest him.' When she said he wasn't there they told her they would be coming back at the same time the next day. Of course, when they returned the house was empty.

"Or you could make an anonymous phone call, disguise your voice. Another thing I often did was simply to throw away the papers on a case. Then, if any inquiry was made, I produced a document to show that I had forwarded them to Berlin, to the Office for the Supervision of Commerce. This was always perfectly safe, because that office is in such a state of confusion that all the papers it receives are immediately and hopelessly lost. Or, if the man was already in jail, I could get him released on bail, and he could quietly fade away."

The Witnesses

I made several efforts to visit Mosinger in the days that followed, but each time I went to the refugee camp I found that he was out. Christmas came and went, and it was the third week of the new year before we reestablished contact, when he wrote me a letter to say that his hearing was on the docket for three o'clock the next afternoon. It gave me a shock to realize that he had had to work for nearly an hour to pay for the stamp on the envelope. He suggested that I might wish to witness this event.

The hearings, in which it is decided whether a refugee will be accepted or rejected, are held in a building on the Kaiserdamm, a broad avenue in the British Sector. When I reached it, I went up to the fourth floor, where Mosinger and his five witnesses were waiting in the hall. He introduced me to them, and we shook hands all around; then Mosinger and I sat down on a bench on the other side of the hall and he told me a little bit about each.

"The first one, Frau Glaser," he said, "had a small drugstore in Frankfurt. Our planned economy over there kept her hopelessly overstocked in clinical thermometers and hopelessly in need of drugs like streptomycin and penicillin, so she took the thermometers to west Berlin, where they were scarce, and came back with the drugs, with which undoubtedly a number of lives were saved. This useful activity, however, constituted an offense against the Law for the Protection of the Domestic Economy, and I was told to have her arrested. I warned her instead.

"The man next to her, Herr Schneider, was a baker in a small town near Frankfurt where Russian troops were stationed. His case came up nearly five years ago. In those days bread was very scarce. Russian soldiers would come in with their girl friends, wave their pistols under his nose, and require him to give them bread without getting the necessary ration coupons in return. After this had been going on for a couple of years an inspection showed him to be short two tons of flour—obviously sabotage. I saw to it that he got out in time.

"The fellow next to him was a rich man a year ago, owned a model farm with eighty purebred pigs and four hundred chickens. Naturally, the Communists wanted to steal this farm. So they gave him a quota of so many eggs a week but cut off his feed supply. That gave him two choices: Either he could fail to deliver his quota, in which case he would be arrested as a saboteur, or he could buy chicken feed on the black market, in which case he would also be arrested as a saboteur. Well, he tried the latter course and was caught, and I got orders to take him into custody for trial as a political criminal.

"I sent those two policemen for him that I told you about. They stopped in at the village inn on the way, and were overheard talking about how they were going to arrest the man. When they got to the farm, somehow he wasn't there. Incidentally, that young chap on the other bench is one of those two policemen. It got to be too much for him over there too."

The Hearing

Mosinger did not finish what he had to say about his witnesses, because at this point the door opened and he was asked to come in for the hearing. "Well, this is it," he said. He looked worried.

I was permitted to enter the room with Mosinger, and sat in a corner during the brief proceedings. The three judges occupied three sides of a plain wooden table in the center of the room, before which Mosinger was asked to be seated. A stenographer sat at a smaller table to one side, a clerk at another. The room was bare and uncarpeted; the dirty windows were uncurtained. The chief commissioner, facing Mosinger, shuffled about in the pile of papers before him for what seemed a very long time, with that studied unhurriedness which has been the despair of the German citizenry throughout the long history of its dealings with German officialdom. Finally he spoke.

"Herr Mosinger," he said, "I must tell you that this court is by no means of one mind regarding the evidence that it has before it in your case. Our decision will probably be determined by the testimony that you and your witnesses give today." His manner became distant and factual, and he asked the question that I had foreseen. "Herr Mosinger, how was it possible for a person in your prominent position to perform for

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seven years the good deeds to which you lay claim?"

"I considered it my duty," Mosinger said, "to hold out as long as I could, to help as many people as I was able."

"Fine and good," the chief commissioner said shortly. "It would interest us to know how you managed to do so."

MOSINGER flushed but managed to compose himself and began to outline the various procedures that he had described to me. But he had not spoken more than a few sentences and was citing his first example of an actual case, when one of the other judges interrupted with what struck me as a gross contradiction.

"We don't care so much about these cases out of the past," he said. "The important thing is the day of your actual flight."

"Excuse me," Mosinger said, "but the day of flight can only be understood in its context, and as the culmination of a course of events."

"Well," the judge said, "we have enough material here on that sort of thing. But it will be difficult for the commission to recognize you as a bona fide refugee if it turns out that you might just as well have fled a few days or a week later."

"On that day there was a warrant for my arrest," Mosinger said, striving visibly to keep himself under control, "and the cell was vacated and ready. These facts are contained in the material that you have before you."

"Well, yes, of course we know that," the chairman said.

"Why were you a member of the S.E.D.?" one of the other judges asked, to fill in the pause that followed. (The Socialist Unity Party—S.E.D.—is the Eastern Zone version of the Communist Party.)

"In the district court at Mittenwalde," Mosinger said, "where I was employed in 1946, the judge was in the Liberal Democratic Party and I was in no party. The result of this was that the Russian occupation authorities had no confidence in either of us, and so we were unable to influence them. For this reason the other judge, Dr. Gressner, who is now a political refugee here in west Berlin and from whom I have an affidavit, persuaded me that I must join the S.E.D. From then on the Russians told us all their plans and we were able to help a great many people."

"How did you pass the political examination that is given to all applicants for S.E.D. membership?"

Mosinger almost smiled. "Only a moron could fail," he said. "All you have to do is read the banners and slogans that are plastered on every building. The examiners deal exclusively in these phrases, and the examination is nothing but a catechism to which you have to give the right answers: 'Anglo-American imperialism,' 'monopoly capitalism,' 'fascist aggression,' 'exploitation of the working class,' and so on. It was all very simple. Moreover, my examination didn't last one or two hours, like most of them, but only twenty minutes."

"So!" the third judge said. "Only twenty minutes. Your ideological orthodoxy must have been beyond cavil."

"No," Mosinger said evenly, "that wasn't the reason. The reason was that I began throwing their questions back at them and asking them to clarify certain phrases for me—the distinction between the 'unjust imperialist-capitalist war' and the 'just socialist-defensive war,' for instance. After a few minutes of this the examiners were eager to get me out of the room."

THE HEARING continued for about another fifteen minutes, during which the hostile and doubting attitude of the commission became less pronounced. I was happy to note that Mosinger's voice no longer conveyed the defensive aggressiveness into which people fall who feel that they are unjustly accused, but which sounds to others like the efforts to bluff through an unsound cause. He was able to present some impressive examples of his activities and to submit several affidavits that he had brought with him. Finally, the chief commissioner stated that he would like to interrogate some of the witnesses, and Mosinger was asked to go out and send in the lady druggist who had traded thermometers for streptomycin.

The examination of the witnesses was almost perfunctory. The chief commissioner read a few passages from the affidavits before him and asked the deponents whether they were true. Without exception they were declared to be true. Usually he nodded his head, thanked the witness, and dismissed him; occasionally he inquired briefly into details. The only exception was the former policeman, who was pressed very particularly on the question whether Mosinger had specifically instructed him to forewarn people of their impending arrest. The policeman was a young man with an unfortunate hesitating manner that made everything he said seem like an evasion, but the commission, with great good sense, read through this manner to the truth beneath. He was the last witness, and he was asked to tell Mosinger to come back in.

The Verdict

Mosinger re-entered the room with a perfectly expressionless face whose very neutrality betrayed the tension he was under. Later he told me that at that moment he had been absolutely convinced that he was about to be rejected. The witnesses had told him of the casual treatment they had received, and he had been sure that the court had already made up its mind and was just going through a gesture. However, this premonition was wrong. As Mosinger stood before the desk, a startling change came over the chief com-

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missioner. He rose to his feet, smiling cordially, and extended his hand. "Herr Mosinger," he said, "it is my pleasure to welcome you as a new citizen of the West German Federal Republic." So far as I had seen, he had not consulted his colleagues before reaching his decision, but they both smiled and nodded, and they both shook hands with Mosinger also.

"Well," Mosinger said.

"I hope you weren't too upset by the way the hearing was conducted," the chief commissioner said. "We were pretty sharp and unpleasant, I know, but that was for tactical reasons. The important thing for us is to find the truth, and sometimes we have to use pretty unfriendly methods before we are sure that we have it. In your case we are quite sure that we have it. Unfortunately, we don't feel that we have absolutely airtight evidence that you were in danger on the actual day of your flight, and so you will receive the classification of Political Refugee, Group B—'flight for compelling reasons.'"

"Thank you," Mosinger said. He was too moved to say any more. The date was January 16, and it had been forty-four days since Mosinger had arrived in west Berlin as a fugitive from injustice.

Frankfurt to Frankfurt

The last time I saw Mosinger, he was looking up at a murky sky with concern. We were at the Tempelhof Airport, and he was prepared to fly to West Germany on the second lap of his progress into a new life. In the week since his hearing he had paid the two final visits in his clearance process: one to the agency that heard his wishes and made the decision where he would settle in West Germany (he had chosen Frankfurt am Main, where he had some personal connections), and the other to the passport section, where he was photographed and fingerprinted for the various documents he would need in his new country.

"Frankfurt to Frankfurt," he said musingly. "It's a lot longer trip than it looks on the map. It's a trip from one world to another, like waking up from a nightmare. You know that experience: One minute you're trembling and sweating and calling out in your sleep, and the next minute you're wide awake, back in the real world again; and an hour later you can't even remember what the nightmare was about. I never would have thought it, but that's just about what has happened to me. I've lost touch; already, in these few weeks, I've forgotten what life in Frankfurt was like. I understand a lot better now why people in the West aren't able to react adequately to Communism. They haven't even had the nightmare I speak of."

The public-address system announced that the flight would be delayed for a few minutes but would take off before very long. Even as it spoke, some men could be seen shoving a dolly full of knapsacks and ancient suitcases toward the plane parked under the huge cantilevered eave of the terminal. Fritz Mosinger looked out at the plane and up again at the sky.

"God grant they never have it," he said.

Philanthropy Uninhibited: The Ford Foundation

HOLMES WELCH

WHEN Andrew Carnegie established the Endowment for International Peace in 1910, along with his gift of ten million dollars he sent the Trustees a letter of instruction, which they have reprinted ever since in their annual reports. When the Trustees, he wrote, had attained "the speedy abolition of international war between so-called civilized nations," they were to turn their attention to the "next most degrading, remaining evil."

No such millennial provisos are to be found in the charter of the latest great fund to enroll in the cause of human welfare in general and peace in particular. The Ford Foundation has few illusions. It is attempting a highly intangible goal—harmony between men and within man. At most points it will fail; even where it succeeds, it will be unable to measure its success exactly; and in no event will it be able to take credit for it. These very difficulties make it the one agency that can afford the attempt. For others the role of international Don Quixote would be either too expensive or too ridiculous.

The Foundation has had its share of ridicule. Before the recent decision to consolidate its operations in New York, it was described as a "great lumbering beast with its brains in Pasadena, its vital organs in Detroit, and its legs in New York . . . the vital organs do the thinking, the brains do the traveling, and the legs digest all the information." Allegedly it wears a "financial straitjacket" because it does not control the operation of the Ford Motor Company, its chief source of income. The industrial connection, however, still provides an opportunity for sly digs. When plans were announced for the quarterly *Perspectives U.S.A.*, a reporter characterized the publication as "the 'Little Magazine's' fra-

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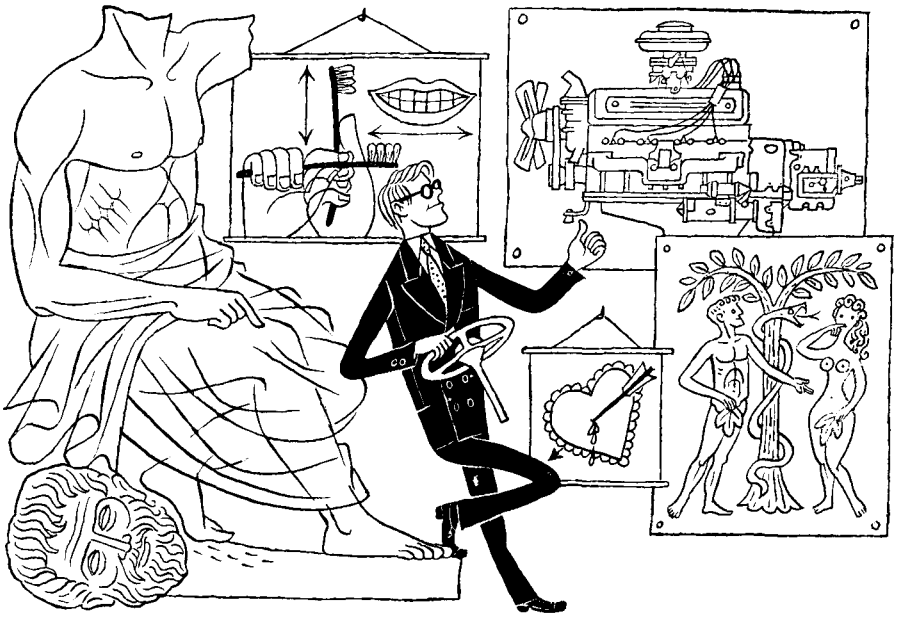
gile view of American culture blown up to Ford-Plant size."

Almost everyone who has written about the Foundation—or read about it, presumably—considers its origin tainted. It has not, in the view of its critics, been created for "the public welfare," as its charter announces, but for the welfare of the descendants of Henry Ford. It has been called a "device to stave off inheritance taxes, which would have shaken the family's control of the company." The proponents of this idea have evidently never taken the trouble to examine the capital structure of Ford Motor. If they did, they would find that its stock is divided into voting and nonvoting shares in the proportion of about 1 to 18. Those who hold the few voting shares (the Ford family) run the Company. Those who hold the nonvoting shares (the Foundation) have nothing to say about running it. And if these same nonvoting shares were held by the general public, the public would have nothing to say about running it either.

HENRY and Edsel Ford did not have to create the Foundation to keep the Company in family control. They could have left all the Ford stock to their children, rather than just ten per cent of it. In that case, the taxable estate would have been many times larger, but so would the remainder after taxes. Only nonvoting shares would have been sold to raise the tax money, and these, scattered in public hands, would represent a lesser threat to ultimate family control than they do now in a single block, held by a self-perpetuating Board of Trustees. To characterize the Ford Foundation, therefore, as the "biggest tax dodge in history" is to overlook the fact that if the Fords had never created it, they would be richer and have a firmer hold on their Company.

Some of the same critics who find too little altruism in the origin of the Foundation condemn its objectives for being "as vague as they are noble." They are shocked that it has rejected the conventional fields of medicine, public health, and university endowments. They wonder how specific grants can cover world peace, democratic practice, economic



health, education, and research in human behavior—the five "areas for action" of the Foundation.

Such criticism misses the point. To the extent that the Foundation's aims are "vague," they give its staff a chance to base its operations on experience rather than on preconceived ideas. Furthermore, projects may be selected more for probable effectiveness than because they conform to any particular phrase in a cut-and-dried program.

Man and Matter

The decision of the Foundation's planners to focus its efforts on the social sciences was based not only on what they considered the contemporary world's greatest need but also on the sometimes chagrining experiences of other such groups. In 1933, for instance, the Trustees of the Rockefeller Foundation resolved to place more emphasis on man and less on matter. In line with this ideal, they agreed to help in the construction of several cyclotrons used to produce radioactive isotopes for medical research and cancer therapy. In 1939 Dr. Ernest Lawrence received a grant of $1,150,000 to build a great new cyclotron at the University of California. The Rockefeller Trustees were a little surprised when Lawrence returned within a few months asking for additional funds, for reasons that he was not at liberty to specify. They voted the money as a matter of faith. Four years later there arrived an explanatory letter from Dr. Lawrence: "At long last I have the very real pleasure of [telling] you . . . something of the vital part played by the Rockefeller Foundation in the development of the atomic bomb."

The president of the Rockefeller Foundation (which had been established "to promote the well being of mankind throughout the world") subsequently commented on the difficulty of "foreseeing the use to which knowledge will be put . . . We are ethically unprepared for the responsibilities of vast physical power." It was against the background of such experiences that the Ford Trustees decided that the social sciences came first.

Probably much of the criticism of the Foundation has originated in the inevitable rejection of almost all applications for aid. Currently such applications are being received at the rate of about four thousand a year. Approximately ninety per cent are rejected on initial survey. Merit alone does not bring acceptance. The Foundation decided at the outset that to make grants helter-skelter in this field or that, even if they were individually excellent grants, would not be effective. Rather at some point there is a decision, ultimately confirmed by the Trustees, to launch a coherent program in a given field.

Once they have decided on a program, the Trustees work either through already established organi-

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zations in that field or through new ones set up for specific purposes. In the latter category are the Fund for Adult Education, the Fund for the Advancement of Education, and the East European Fund. Among those now being organized are the Fund for the Republic, which will tackle the whole question of civil rights; what is now called the "Conditions of Peace" project, which will explore the relations between the two great power blocs in the world today; and another project now called "Resources for the Future," having to do with the world's natural wealth.

UNDER every over-all plan the Trustees seek five qualifications for the projects they support. First, they prefer those which are experimental, outside the range of conservative philanthropy and unlikely to find support elsewhere. This has cost them the good will of some worthy applicants who feel that their claims for support are better established. Second, they seek to cure not symptoms but causes. In Europe, for instance, they have granted $2,900,000 to hasten the absorption of refugees from eastern countries, but none of the money will go for direct relief. Third, they seek to prime the pump of public support. In setting up the International Press Institute, for instance, which works for freedom of the press throughout the world, they promised $50,000 a year for three years, at the end of which time the member newspapers must support it themselves. Fourth, they seek to work by example, by what they call "multipliers." In the Indian agricultural extension program, a handful of American technicians are establishing demonstration centers and training native teachers. The teachers and those they teach will spread the centers throughout India until knowledge of simple farming improvements has reached all the 500,000 peasant villages. Finally, the Trustees seek symbolic value. The grant of $85,000 for a community center as a memorial to Gandhi in the village of untouchables where he lived may accomplish more than a million spent on direct relief.

In appraising grants the Trustees must develop a skill not unlike that of the Wall Street operator, the shrewd, restless searcher for special situations where a small investment may bring vast returns.

Where It Goes

In the past two years, the Foundation has made appropriations of $75 million for 108 different organizations. One grant may find its way down to hundreds of individuals. For instance, $12.5 million has gone to the Fund for the Advancement of Education, which has used almost half of its grant for individual fellowships, such as those given four hundred high-school teachers for a year's free study and the program to give talented students under sixteen and a half two years of college before entering the services.

The Fund for Adult Education has devoted much of its effort to stimulating discussion groups of various kinds. The Foreign Policy Association, the American Library Association, and the Great Books Foundation have received large grants to stimulate thinking by adults on adult problems. The question is, of course, whether anyone whose thinking is not already stimulated will attend discussion groups or listen to educational TV. Discussion groups are proliferating so rapidly in the benign Foundation climate that the old faithfuls who attend will have to puff a little to get from meeting to meeting.

After education in the United States, which has received approximately half of all grants to date, the next largest slice of Foundation spending—about a third—has gone to foreign aid, the over-all purpose of which is to "mitigate world tensions" and promote peace. So far the largest share of foreign aid has been given to India and Pakistan—over $7 million for agricultural work and technological education. Other education funds have included $1,310,000 for the Free University of Berlin.

In categories related to foreign aid are the extensive exchange of students, teachers, and artists carried on by the Institute for International Education, and the work of the Ford Foundation Board on Overseas Training and Research, which offers fellowships for study in international relations.

Two of the Foundation's most-publicized projects have been, inevitably, two of the most criticized. The Radio and Television Workshop's "Omnibus," designed to elevate the often woeful present standards of TV broadcasting, has itself been taken to task for attempting to hew too precisely to an exact middlebrow line. The magazine *Perspectives U.S.A.*, intended to carry the Babelic gospels of U.S. intellectualdom to lesser breeds without the dollar, has so far served up too copious helpings of warmed-over literary hash.

ALL THESE programs have concrete, assessable value, but it is not so easy to assess much of the Foundation's other work, which might be classified as "U.S.—Academic." The Advertising Council, Inc., was granted fifty thousand dollars to "formulate a comprehensive statement of the meaning of America." Forty-six thousand dollars went to Russell Davenport for a study "of the philosophical basis of American institutions." Ten liberal-arts colleges are spending $300,000 to find out "why they exist."

Mortimer Adler is spending $655,000 on a new institute in San Francisco "to promote the advancement of learning through the analysis of the basic ideas and issues in the thought of the Western world . . . twenty-five or more volumes may

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be produced." Dr. Adler has just finished fifty-four volumes on the same topic (the Great Books) at a cost of $2 million. Critics noting the latter figure may reflect that while Adler's ideas are getting Greater, their price is getting smaller.

The dollar total of such research grants is small in comparison to the Foundation's total expenditures—approximately seven per cent. And such "experimentation" is of course necessary for the growing Foundation. Perhaps all of this will pave the way for what would be the most interesting research project of all: one to investigate the value of research projects. To what extent can group scholarship be substituted for personal judgment? Is it possible to make a definitive formulation of the meaning of America, a college's *raison d'être,* or the Great Ideas? And is it desirable?

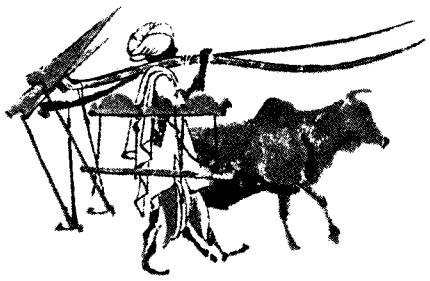
Such reservations do not fairly apply to certain more concrete research projects that the Foundation is sponsoring. A $200,000 tax study at the Harvard Law School, for instance, will give experts from underdeveloped countries information on the U.S. tax system and help them eliminate inequities in their own. M.I.T. and a Javanese university are collaborating to study a typical Indonesian city, with obvious benefits in international understanding if not in sociology.

That 'Half Billion'

Probably the largest single reason for criticism of the Ford Foundation lies in the public's failure to appreciate the disparity between its means and its ends. The Foundation may seem to have a lot of money to spend, but it is small change for what it is trying to accomplish, and the public expects a chicken in every pot from this "half-billion-dollar trust."

"Half-billion-dollar trust" is the financial tag that most reporters have placed on the Foundation, going by the $513-million book value of its assets as shown in its latest annual report. The Foundation, however, owns ninety per cent of the stock of the Ford Motor Company—which, by its own audited statement, was worth $1.25 billion on December 31, 1951. Moreover, its earnings, as estimated by the *Wall Street Journal,* have averaged $172 million a year since 1948. Most of this is, of course, plowed back into the business, but these reinvested profits go to build a bigger Company, presumably with bigger earnings.

The Foundation's resources may seem enormous, but so are its goals. To just one sector of the Foundation's program, strengthening de-



mocracy abroad, the U.S. government has allocated $29 billion in the last seven years. The whole endowment of the Foundation, at this rate of spending, would last four months. This overwhelming disparity escapes the sense of proportion of most newspaper readers, who are inclined to be hazy about amounts over a million. It is understandable why the Trustees estimate their resources as conservatively as possible.

Is there any conflict of interest between the Foundation and the Company? Not in general. Indeed, unless the Foundation's objectives of world peace and economic stability are partly attained, the Company may cease to exist. On particular issues conflict may arise, but since only a minority of the Foundation's self-perpetuating Board have any connection with the Company, the Company cannot automatically resolve conflicts in its own favor. If the Foundation, for instance, made grants to strengthen democratic institutions in Bechuanaland and Premier Malan cut off Ford exports to South Africa, the Company would be powerless to halt the grants. Nor can the Foundation for its part control the Company, and it would be hard to imagine any more embarrassing responsibility if it could.

One excellent reason for preserving the tie between factory and Foundation is the meaning of the latter for the worker. In the old days his work put money in the pockets of a single man, who, according to the grim tenets of class warfare, heaped it up to consolidate his power of exploitation. Today when a Company employee reads of young teachers getting a year's free study or of exiled professional men being resettled in America, he is able to say: "My labor contributed to that."

WHAT IT all comes down to is that it is too early to draw conclusions about the Ford Foundation. The recent resignation of Paul Hoffman raises the question of policy changes. However, the new acting president, Rowan Gaither, was in charge of writing the Foundation's original program, which Henry Ford II and Paul Hoffman have endorsed both in principle and practice, and there has been no indication of any change in approach so far. Meanwhile, the Foundation is aware of many immediate problems.

Certainly it is aware of the problem of public relations. An aggressive publicity program is not proper for a charitable trust. However, two steps might safely be taken in the direction of better public relations. At present there seems to be an increasing tendency to reject applications for grants without very complete explanations, because it has been found that such explanations tend to generate burdensome correspondence. Such perfunctoriness seems unfortunate, since even rejected applications offer the Foundation a chance to win friends.

At present the Foundation has no house organ and, with the proliferating programs, often the right hand does not know what the left is doing. If everyone on the staff, from the president to junior stenographers, were kept posted on the essentials of what the public should know, they could not only serve better as salesmen but could also bear witness to the fact that the Foundation's activities take place in a goldfish bowl.

'Get All the Facts'

The problem of public relations, however, is a minor one. The big question marks are: Can the Foundation bridge the disparity between ends and means? And can it succeed in spite of its missionary nature?

The disparity between ends and

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means has already been noted. Thirty, a hundred, or two hundred million dollars a year is peanuts for the "frontal attacks on threats to world peace" that Paul Hoffman called for. If the Foundation's present income were distributed among the people of the world, it would not quite buy two sticks of gum apiece. Besides, the Trustees have money; for it they want a state of mind. Is it possible to purchase with this money the "mitigation of tensions" or "stability of purpose in the United States and abroad"?

The missionary nature of the Foundation was specifically denied by Mr. Hoffman, who said there was "no idea of seeking to impose American practices or ideas upon another culture."

At what point one ceases to *support* and begins to *impose* is the crucial question. It is natural for the Foundation to support its own ideals. It could hardly be expected to support someone else's. But, as its staff realizes, dealings with other cultures must take place under floodlighted warnings: Our democracy may be their liberal fallacy; our economic justice their materialism; our science their impiety. The fact that a movement like land reform is sweeping the world does not mean that its advocates believe in the toothbrush or parent-teacher associations. The Foundation has stated many of its aims in terms that are subject to varying interpretations: "significant living," "individual satisfaction," "the better utilization of leisure time." We in our culture find one sense for these words; others will find another.

Throughout the world, members of the Foundation's staff are going to walk a tightrope over the question: When does education become propaganda? Last spring, when the Foundation proposed to finance a four-year program of general education at teachers' colleges in Arkansas, followed by a year of professional internship, the American Association of Colleges for Teacher Education issued a bitter statement, denouncing the "adoption of an eighteenth century model" and "domination by a central agency." The statement was unjust, but it indicates what can happen, even here at home, when a foundation tries to translate its ideals into action.

The answer to both these problems can be expressed, perhaps, in a single word: tact. Only tact can bridge the disparity between ends and means.

The Foundation wants to get things done in an efficient, forthright manner. But, in the field of human relations, there are many things it cannot "get done." The more it tries to get them done by action, the more the result will be only a reaction. This has been one of the difficulties encountered by the government's foreign-aid program, not in its material but in its psychological objectives. *Perspectives U.S.A.* faces this difficulty. To the extent that overseas readers consider it an attempt to *sell* them American culture, as though it were Coca-Cola, they will mistrust it.

To a large extent, the success of the Foundation depends on the motives and attitudes of its personnel. It is to be hoped that some of them are familiar with the teachings of the Quietist philosophers of China. "As to the best man," says the *Tao Teh Ching*, "the people merely know that he exists . . . When his task is accomplished, his work done, throughout the country everyone says, 'We have done it ourselves.'"

'Mr. Conservative'— Eugene Millikin of Colorado

DOUGLASS CATER

A British journalist in Washington recently made an interesting observation about Eugene Donald Millikin, junior Senator from Colorado. "I was always puzzled by this pudgy fellow with his large bald dome and his pixie humor," he said. "Somehow he seemed so unlike what one thought of as the American statesman, and yet people talked about him as though he were quite important. Then I remembered how back during the war everybody was puzzled when the Germans suddenly began bombing hell out of an insignificant little town in England called March. Turned out that March was the junction of several important railway lines. Your man Millikin seems to represent the junction of a whole complex of interests that go to make up the more conservative elements in America."

This judgment perhaps creates too static an image of the man Millikin, but there is no disputing the fact that he does constitute a sort of benign bald eminence in the Republican Eighty-third Congress. If Senator Taft has pre-empted the title "Mr. Republican," Senator Millikin with good reason can lay claim to that of "Mr. Conservative." Most competent observers rate him second in power only to Taft, and there are already rumors that Millikin may soon exceed Taft in importance so far as the delicate job of Executive-Congressional relationships is concerned.

On two issues—taxes and foreign trade—Millikin may prove to be the

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Congressional anchor man in opposing the well-nigh irresistible pressures to reduce taxes and to erect even more protectionist trade barriers than there are now. Since Chairman Daniel Reed has already persuaded the House Ways and Means Committee to give in to these forces, the burden on Millikin, Reed's counterpart in the Senate, will be even heavier. Strangely, this burden rests on a man who has never wavered in his belief that what is good for business is good for the country, and that neither taxation nor competitive imports happen to fall in the category of things that are good for business.

MILLIKIN'S eminence in the Senate cannot be attributed solely to political longevity. He arrived there in 1941 and ranks twenty-first in seniority--eighth among the Republicans. Besides Taft, Styles Bridges and Charles Tobey of New Hampshire, Alexander Wiley of Wisconsin, Hugh Butler of Nebraska, William Langer of North Dakota, and George Aiken of Vermont rank above him. Nor did Millikin acquire a Johnny-come-lately importance by trying to straddle the Taft-Eisenhower division before the Republican Convention last July. As far back as the previous January, Millikin had declared himself a firm Taft man. He tried his darnedest to swing the Colorado delegation to Taft, even while Eisenhower was making his headquarters in Denver's Brown Palace Hotel. Though he failed, he went to Chicago anyhow and helped write the platform on which Eisenhower was to run.

Some of his power does indeed appear to reside in the wide number of interests and interested people who can find a point of contact in his ample personage. Millikin has shown himself to be a man who can accommodate diversity without being torn by it. From the prosperous dirt farmers of Weld and El Paso Counties, through the bankers and the mining and oil brokers of Denver (known as the Seventeenth Street Boys), clear across the continent to the potentates of Wall Street, the prosperous and the wealthy feel they have a stake in Gene Millikin. But probably more important, there is scarcely a Republican Senator who does not feel that he too has a stake in Gene Millikin. He deserves a large share of the credit for keeping together the faction-ridden band of Republican Senators during the lean minority years. Those who like him for it have named him "the Great Reconciler." Those who don't prefer to call him a "fixer."

The Boy in the Back Rooms

The basis of Millikin's Senatorial authority is twofold. He is chairman of the Republican Conference (the committee of all Senate Republicans), a post which carries with it membership on the eleven-man Republican Policy Committee. He is also chairman of the Senate Finance Committee, a job which rarely makes a celebrity of a Senator, but whose scope and power can hardly be exceeded. Tax hearings are pretty dry stuff, and the man who presides over them has a hard time getting publicity except when he is predicting the amount of next year's taxes. He is not chasing down crooks or subversives, or even cleaning up graft and red tape. He enjoys great power, but he must not expect many headlines.

The chairman of the Republican Conference, on the other hand, could cut quite a public figure if he chose. The fact that Millikin doesn't lends support to one Senator's appraisal that "Gene is a gumshoey sort of fellow. He likes to move around very quietly in the background." Probably Millikin has long since found out that power, at least in the Senate, lies in the back rooms. And he shows little inclination to project his ambitions higher.

The Priest in His Temple

For a close-up of Millikin at work, one must go to the dreary sessions of the Finance Committee. The first impression is somewhat disconcerting. In repose behind the committee dais, Millikin's whole being conveys an attitude of flaccidity. In motion, Millikin seems downright feeble. He moves with short shuffling steps, stooping slightly forward, shoulders hunched because of a rheumatic condition, a more than ample paunch further adding to his burden. He looks even older than his sixty-two years.

A stranger would not take Millikin for a pleasant man, perhaps because there is something too glowering about his face in repose. Neither, for that matter, would one take him at first impression for a very intelligent man. Many newcomers on Capitol Hill are rather startled to learn how high he is rated on both these counts. Reporters find Millikin one of the most accessible and congenial of Senators, witty and, even more of a rarity, not overly afflicted with self-esteem. As for intelligence, there are those who believe that if I.Q. tests were given to Senators, the name of Millikin might lead all the rest.

In the Finance Committee, his massive body hunched back in a chair, a forefinger pointed menacingly at a witness while thumb and second finger clutch the ever-present cigarette, Millikin is in his temple. It is a temple where the complex tax structure must, like a religious creed, be added to or subtracted from with vast skill, knowledge, and caution; where patience, courtesy, and dry wit are the cardinal virtues; where conservatism flanked to the left and right by conservatism is the overriding philosophy. On Millikin's actual right sit Hugh Butler of Nebraska and Edward Martin of Pennsylvania; on his left sit the ultraconservative

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Democrats Walter George of Georgia and Harry Byrd of Virginia. In addition, he enjoys the comforting presence of his senior colleague from Colorado, Edwin Johnson, a Democrat about whom it has been said, "When Gene Millikin takes snuff, Ed Johnson sneezes." For reasons best known to the Senate leaders, Colorado and Delaware each have two Senators on the Finance Committee, making it almost as limited a geographical cross section as it is a political one.

Amid such a congenial coterie, it is easy for Millikin to remain in the driver's seat without a great deal of argumentation. He has never needed to be told when it is wiser to save his breath. Once, during the hearings on the British loan in 1946, he ventured an opinion to William McChesney Martin, Jr., then Chairman of the Export-Import Bank. Martin replied that the opinion simply wasn't supported by fact. Whereupon Millikin, leaning far back, fingertips together, responded sweetly, "Then demonstrate my error, young man. You have all day."

When argument is called for, Millikin never shies away from it. In committee sessions he has gained a reputation as an expert at slow but steady interrogation, nor has he restricted himself to matters concerning Finance and Interior, his other committee assignment. When the U.N. Charter came before the Foreign Relations Committee, Millikin obtained special permission to serve as guest interrogator, and for the better part of two days led a State Department witness, Leo Pasvolsky, step by step through every conceivable ramification of the proposed world organization. Those who witnessed this performance still hail it as a spectacle rarely equaled. Millikin finally went along with the United Nations as a "very worthwhile experiment" once he assured himself that the veto was an adequate safeguard to national—and Congressional—sovereignty.

Pratfalls and Mimicry

Millikin's occasional sorties onto the floor of the Senate have gained him wide respect and admiration. Unlike many Senators, he clings to the old-fashioned notion that the basic purpose of Senatorial debate is enlightenment. He puts a great deal of preparation into his speeches. Though his voice has great dramatic possibilities, he seldom resorts to forensics to achieve an effect. Rather, his cold and sometimes tedious logic is enlivened at times by flashes of ornate metaphor. He is at his best in ridicule, as when he scoffed at the lofty aims and the low cost estimates of the Truman Administration's Point Four Program:

"[It] reminds one," he said, "of a third rate burlesque performance. The curtain goes up, the orchestra blows an enormous trumpet fanfare, then it goes into a rendition of Pomp and Circumstance, after which the rolling drums build up a crescendo of anticipatory excitement. The customers sit forward on their seats saying to themselves: 'Something stupendous is going to happen here.' The spotlight moves to the wings and out comes a ludicrous midget doing grotesque hand stands, pin wheels, and bumps himself off the stage with callipygian falls."

For all his intellect, the Senator is not above resorting to banalities when the occasion seems appropriate. One night, during the final stages of his campaign for re-election, an assistant recalled, Millikin suddenly launched into a rendition of "My Country, 'Tis of Thee." "He pulled out all the stops," said the assistant admiringly.

Though his language is often fierce, the man himself is not. Dorothy McRae, Millikin's administrative assistant, remarked that the only time she had even seen Millikin really angry was when President Truman vetoed a tax bill for the third time in 1948. Millikin rushes gleefully into Senatorial clashes of wit, far too absorbed to take offense at the barbs of opponents. For a number of years his seat in the Senate Chamber was directly across the aisle from that of Tom Connally, the venerable Texas Democrat, who was often reduced to irate sputtering when logical arguments ran out. Once, inspired to unusual heights of mimicry by such a display, Millikin proceeded to prance up and down the aisle in imitation. Afterward, realizing that he had carried his fun too far, he walked over and laid a friendly hand on the Texan's shoulder. Connally, staring straight ahead, brushed it off angrily.

A Brush with Taft

Such *joie de combat* is not lavished solely on his opponents across the aisle. At least once, Millikin has been known to lock horns with Robert Taft himself. This was during the February, 1952, debate on the admis-

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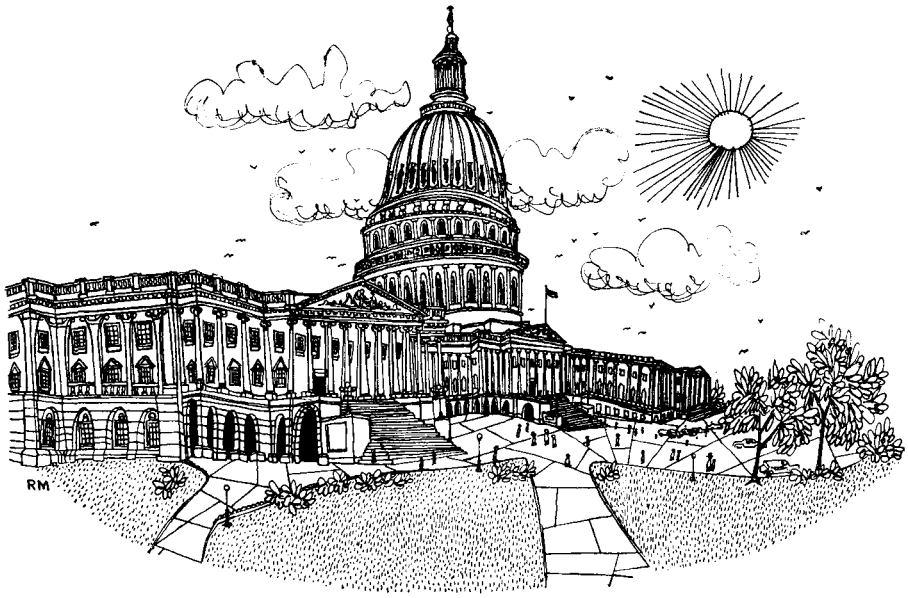
sion of Greece and Turkey to NATO. Taft had undertaken to serve as spokesman for a niggling amendment offered by Senator Arthur Watkins of Utah, which purported to restrict the President's freedom to move troops within the NATO area. Millikin badgered Taft mercilessly for an explanation of what the amendment was really meant to accomplish, finally forcing the Ohioan to concede lamely that his ideas were a little different from Watkins's. "I believe the fewer ideas we throw in," boomed Millikin, "probably the less confusion we shall have." Taft presently retired in disorder from the debate.

But a few minutes later, another of Millikin's strong points—concern for the feelings of his fellow man—came to the fore. Watkins, thoroughly routed, sought to withdraw his unfortunate amendment. Connally was on his feet in an instant, drenching the hapless Senator from Utah in a great flood of sarcasm. Whereupon Millikin rose again and pointedly thanked Watkins for his "needed clarification."

Hazing the Freshmen

An even better instance of this quality in Millikin occurred during the tax debate in 1950. Senator Hubert Humphrey, still a fairly raw freshman, had suddenly reached the conclusion that the policy problems of taxation were being totally neglected by liberals. When the tax bill reached the Senate floor, he had prepared an ambitious collection of eleven amendments purporting to close tax "loopholes" through which the wealthy would get out of paying an equitable share of the tax burden. Hardly had he outlined the first when Millikin launched an attack. "I have never seen," he rumbled, "I have never heard such a perversion of clearcut language of an amendment as we have just witnessed." Humphrey replied that there would be ten more such amendments. "Then," said Millikin, "there will be ten more perversions, if that is the Senator's pattern."

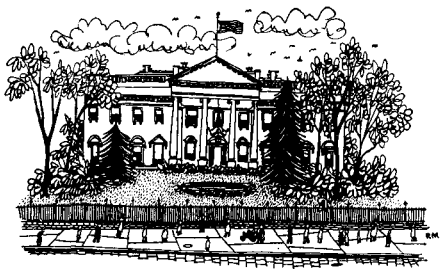
For a time the feathers flew. But Humphrey, though not a lawyer, had mastered the technical jargon of tax legislation with surprising competence and managed to give as good



as he got. Afterward, Humphrey recalls, Millikin sought him out in the little vestibule behind the President's podium in the Old Supreme Court Chamber where the Senate was meeting temporarily. "He put his arm around my shoulder," said Humphrey, "and told me, 'You keep it up, my boy. We need people around here who will join the issue.' "

Since then, debates between the venerable Senator from Colorado and the youthful Senator from Minnesota have ranged over the whole field of taxation, taking in excess profits, the corporation spinoff, split-income provisions, the depletion allowance for oil and other minerals, and so on.

In all this Millikin makes no attempt to conceal where his heart lies. The man earning $500,000 a year, he once remarked ironically, "has the big estate—to which the Senator [Humphrey] refers—to maintain. . . . He has three Cadillacs, as the Senator describes. They must be garaged, oiled, greased, and driven. I suppose, not being a member of the Administration, he has to buy a pastel mink coat for his wife occasionally. That sets him back a little. . . ."



Humphrey just as doggedly goes on taking up the cudgels for the little man who has to bear the tax burden passed on by what he calls the "legalized stealing" of the well-to-do. Though their language is sharp, the two men's respect for each other has not diminished. "The distinguished Senator from Minnesota," Millikin has remarked, "is at times a regiment." Humphrey affectionately describes Millikin as "one of the smartest men they've got . . . the most noble kind of conservative."

Fisticuffs with the Governor

Eugene Donald Millikin was born in Hamilton, Ohio, the son of a dentist, on Lincoln's Birthday, 1891. At nineteen he went to the University of Colorado to study law, and after his graduation remained in Colorado as executive secretary to Governor George Carlson. The job must have had its ups and downs, for on one occasion Millikin and the Governor were discovered actively engaged in fisticuffs in the gubernatorial chambers.

In the course of his service in France during the First World War and later with the Army of Occupation in Germany, Millikin rose from private to lieutenant colonel. He returned to Colorado to enter law practice with a wealthy Denver oil man, Karl C. Schuyler. Throughout the 1920's, the partnership prospered; among their clients was Harry M. Blackmer, head of the Midwest

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Oil Company, one of the men subsequently involved in the scandals surrounding Teapot Dome. Upon his exposure, Blackmer fled to Europe. The published hearings of the Congressional investigating committee indicate that it was Millikin who, in response to a subpoena, opened a Blackmer safe-deposit vault in New York and solemnly counted out eight brown paper parcels containing $763,000 in Liberty Bonds.

There was never the slightest suspicion that Millikin himself had been involved in the scandal. He continued the practice of law, helped boost his partner Schuyler into the Senate in 1932, and went along to Washington as executive secretary. An automobile accident ended Schuyler's life the next year, and Millikin, designated as trustee for the widow, returned to Colorado. He married Mrs. Schuyler two years later.

In 1941, the Democratic Senator from Colorado, Alva B. Adams, died suddenly, and Millikin was appointed by his old schoolmate, Governor Ralph Carr, to fill out the unexpired term.

Millikin's second arrival in Washington occurred during the tumultuous days following Pearl Harbor. For over a year he obeyed the unwritten rule of silence imposed on freshman Senators. Then, in March, 1943, he rose to speak against a House rider to an appropriations bill forbidding salary payments to three Federal employees charged with un-American activities.

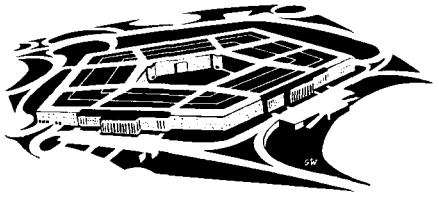
His maiden speech, though only 108 words long, was characteristically eloquent. "The rider," he declared, "is out of the spirit of a bill of attainder. Because this to me smells of the ancient tombs in which liberty has been buried, I shall have to vote against the conference report." Later, the Supreme Court agreed with Millikin that the rider was indeed "out of the spirit of a bill of attainder."

Several times Millikin has exercised this same sort of vigilance for the rights of the unpopular. In 1948, he read to the Senators a local news story that District police were investigating people who attended meetings of Henry Wallace's Progressive Party.

"Mr. President," he declared, "I suggest if we wish to preserve our civil liberties, we must be devoted to them in connection with causes of which we do not approve. . . . I hope it is needless for me to say that I am not a supporter of [the Wallace] campaign."

No one would be more amused than Millikin himself if this dedication to the cause of civil liberties were to be mistaken for liberalism.

The same Constitution that enjoins Millikin to protect the rights of misguided Wallaceites has set him just as firmly against practically every major domestic program sponsored by Democratic Administrations. He has voted against Federal aid to education ("The eight or nine hundred thousand remaining illiterates who have been rejected [by the Army] are not illiterates, but for the most part morons who are uneducable"); against an enforceable FEPC ("People of any given faith, race or ancestral origin have a right in peaceful ways to dislike people of other faiths, races or ancestry . . ."); against the soldier-vote bill during the Second World War (Millikin doubted whether there could be a free election, since



the Articles of War forbid expressions of contempt for the President and members of Congress). Since 1944, he has been on the opposition side of all seventeen "key" votes on public power, reclamation, and rural electrification. He voted against the Full Employment Act, public housing (including Taft's own proposal), and the cloture resolution during the poll-tax debate (which Taft supported).

Diapers and Doubts

But if Millikin stands doggedly to the right of Taft on domestic issues, he has come much closer to an internationalist position on foreign policy. Though sometimes reluctantly, he has supported practically every one of the major postwar aid programs. He voted for the North Atlantic Treaty and the first Military Assistance Program, both of which Taft opposed.

This does not mean that Eugene Millikin has been a happy partisan of what he once described as the Administration's efforts "to diaper every squalling problem all over the face of the earth." Before casting an approving vote, Millikin has usually voiced every doubt and voted for nearly every economy amendment. He has not seemed to share the long-range aspirations of our former foreign-policy architects. In their dreams of a unified Europe, Millikin saw grave problems of unfair competition for the American exporter. In Point Four, he saw only a "weird concoction of patronage intrusion and imperialism." No one predicts that Millikin will merrily join any crusade to knock down such trade barriers as the "peril point" and the "escape clause" which in the past he has so patiently labored to erect.

In regard to the Far East, he has been enough of a maverick to run head-on against the policies espoused so fervently by many of his Republican colleagues. Early in 1951, when Senator William Knowland of California was first contending that Chiang Kai-shek's troops should be turned loose on the Chinese mainland, Millikin posed a question which Knowland has yet to answer satisfactorily:

"Would we be acting in good honor, knowing in advance that the Nationalist Chinese forces in Formosa are most likely unable to wage a successful war on the mainland of China out of their own strength, and knowing in advance that for them to wage a successful war on the mainland they must have our naval help, our air support, and the help of our supplies, could we, in good honor, after committing them to that kind of an adventure, pull out and say, 'Well, boys, it did not work; we are going back home'?"

Bearding the Lion

I recently paid a visit to Millikin in his office. The large room was bare of the autographed photographs with which Senators usually adorn their walls and impress their constituents. The Senator greeted me with a broad smile and a booming "Hello, my

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friend," which contained genuine warmth.

I asked Millikin if he foresaw trouble among the Republicans now that they were in power. "No," said the Senator, "although the Republicans in the Senate are a great collection of individualists, it will be simply a matter of human relationships." One gathered that human relationships presented no great problem to the junior Senator from Colorado.

Where would the changes come? First off, said Millikin, there would be changes in fiscal and monetary management. "We are completely devoted to a balanced budget. The Opposition never had the will to balance the budget.

"The main thing to do is to restudy the whole military setup. Eisenhower is ideal to make that study. Of course, we might decide, 'Jesus Christ, we're not spending enough in the right places.' But," and he smiled broadly, "we don't believe that is true."

'The World Is Sick'

We talked on about the problems that confronted the United States. Millikin became contemplative.

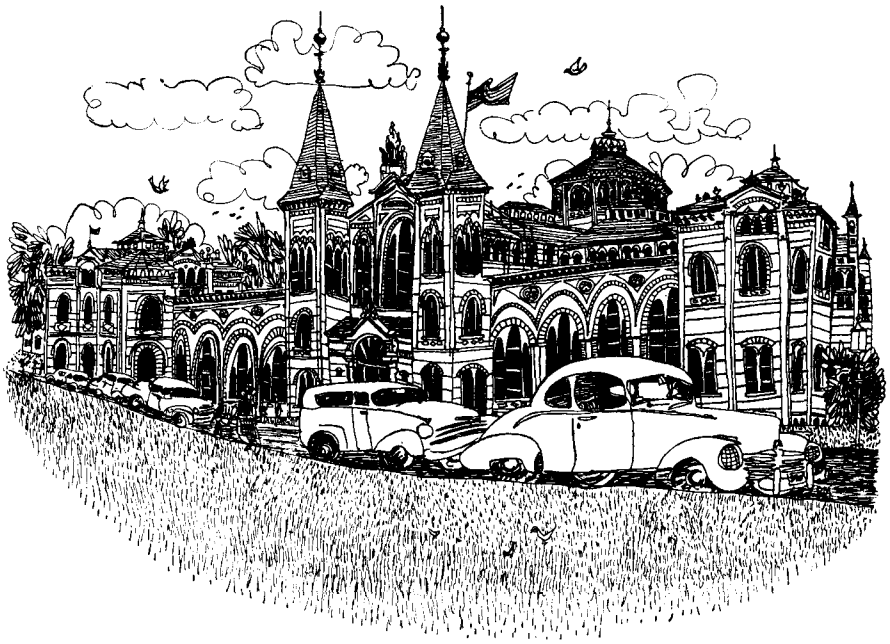
"I have no balm that will cure all this," he said. "God, the world is sick. We've got to study: Are we pushing a sick person into greater disease? The only answer is skill and patience and judgment."

I mentioned his criticism of the Washington police for spying on Wallace meetings. "I got all kinds of hell for that," he chuckled, "but I think I was right. A lot of people were attracted to Wallace and many of them were good people."

I asked if he had been invited to sign Senator Margaret Smith's Declaration of Conscience in 1950. The rotund Senator burst into a roar of laughter. No, he replied, he hadn't been invited. No, he couldn't remember what he thought of it. "A fellow can't stick his nose into everything."

The conversation turned to domestic policies under a Republican Administration. "Generally speaking," he replied, studying each word carefully, "our position is not to enlarge the field of Federal government."

I mentioned that this was a fairly cautious statement, and inquired whether he had specific recommendations for change. "We're studying the matter," he said.



Hadn't there been time for study even during the Democratic Administration? "We *have* been studying," he repeated firmly, "but it's amazing how much there is to study."

How would the Republicans act in the event of a sharp recession?

"I don't think we're going to allow one," he said. "All the powers of government will be used to stop it."

Including piling up more debt? I asked.

"I don't know anything worse than sharp recession," he said gravely. "The point will be to stop sharp recession."

I asked if this wasn't a change in Republican attitude from twenty years ago. "The government didn't have the power twenty years ago," he replied.

"It didn't seek the power, did it?" I asked.

"Whatever it was," he said, "I don't think we will allow any sharp recession."

A phone call came in from Colorado as I was leaving. "Hello, Al," boomed a tomblike voice. "Sorry to hear about Ernie. Went out peacefully?" After a pause, "Tell me, Al, are they fixed to give him a funeral? Why don't you make some discreet inquiries? I'd feel like hell if we couldn't bury the old guy properly. Thanks, old boy." (The names are fictitious.)

It is to such a man, whose conservatism cannot be stretched, that President Eisenhower must look for secondary support in the Senate. Why, then, the speculation that Millikin will outdistance Taft in the long run? Perhaps it was Taft himself who put his finger on the difference when he once remarked rather wistfully, "Gene doesn't make people angry."

Undoubtedly there is something deeper, more fundamental than an acquaintance with Dale Carnegie methods, that has enabled a conservative like Millikin to endure the radical jostling of the postwar era without succumbing to Taft's fretfulness or Jenner's demagogy. A reporter once asked him how he, a rank conservative, could have given his approval to the McMahon bill for the control of atomic energy with its far-reaching measure of government control.

Millikin replied that almost every aspect of the McMahon bill did violence to his basic views. But the more he studied the problem, he added, and the more he examined the revolutionary nature of atomic energy, the more he found himself coming to the reluctant conclusion that there was no alternative to the types of control the bill imposed.

Then Millikin summed up what may be his basic credo: "I do not war with history. I co-operate with the inevitable."

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The Long Morning After—V:

Afterthoughts from Abroad

H. G. NICHOLAS

For years to come, the lives of people at home and abroad will register the impact of the decision the American electorate made on November 4, 1952. This is why, to see as clearly as we can into the future, an effort must be made to evaluate the nature and the causes of the election returns. The following article is the fifth in a series of political analyses.

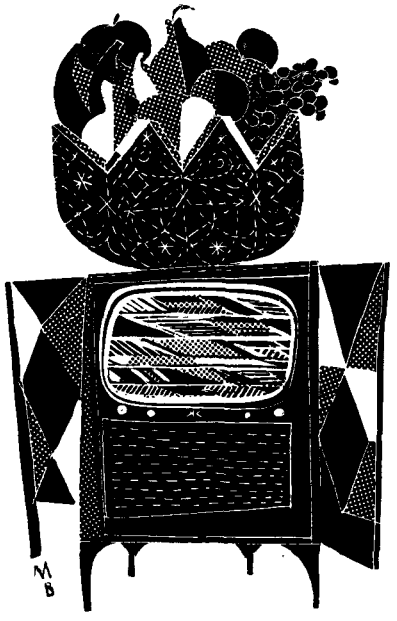
THE traveler who returns to Britain after observing, as I have, something of the course of the 1952 American election finds himself hard put to it to convey to his British interrogators the reality of what he has seen.

It is not the marvels and the monsters that are difficult to explain—that the two candidates between them traveled 83,000 miles, that the parties spent scores of millions, that a Vice-Presidential candidate could clear himself on an issue of public morals by a soap-opera broadcast, or that a Joseph McCarthy could set both parties atremble by a mere threat to denounce the Democratic aspirant. These facts, indeed, are not immediately credited, any more than the goings-on of Sir John Mandeville's anthropophagi, but they can be made comprehensible in terms of American geography and our common human nature.

In fact, many Americans have complained that these bizarre aspects of the election are all that British newspaper readers do seem to have grasped. This is not wholly true, but there is a certain basis for the charge; the marvelous is more credible than the merely different. Long after these abnormalities have been rendered acceptable—or exposed as normal—one discovers that there remains a certain incomprehension of what it was all about that is much harder to dispel. It is as if the election were a game in which the dexterity of the performers (and indeed their sleight of hand and trickery) was fully appreciated by the spectators but the nature and point of the game itself remained obscure. This is the more tantalizing because, of course, so much of the outward form resembles our own in Britain—the whole familiar trapping and machinery of representative elective institutions.

Oxford vs. Cambridge

It was some time before I stumbled on what now seems to me the core of this difference between the British electoral process and the American—the difference from which much of our British incomprehension derives. In Britain an election has been regarded for generations as a contest between established and defined rivals, fought under clearly established rules.



Increasingly, our party system has moved toward the elimination of the guerrilla element in our elections. Increasingly the candidate without a label or with a novel label has found himself at a disadvantage. We like to see the same contestants present themselves in election after election—a kind of recurrent boat race, always Oxford vs. Cambridge, always over the course from Putney to Mortlake.

With so many of the factors thus established as constant, we like to devote much care to devising and enforcing precise rules of fair play, eliminating every conceivable adventitious advantage that might "improperly" accrue to either side—e.g., that Conservatives might own more cars (for conveying voters to the polls) or that the Government of the day might suborn the BBC to insert electoral propaganda into its variety shows. All this makes a British election campaign intense (though brief), relatively well behaved (though by no means entirely devoid of infighting), and generally dull (even if full of finesse for the connoisseur).

IN THE United States, on the other hand, an election is a free-for-all—a huge contest in which everyone can (and will) join in, like the football game in *Tom Brown's School Days* or the barroom fight in any good Western movie. Since everyone is expected to participate, no one is left to be referee. Indeed, there is not much to referee. The fight sways from one side of the room to the other, becoming faster and more furious as it proceeds, to the accom-

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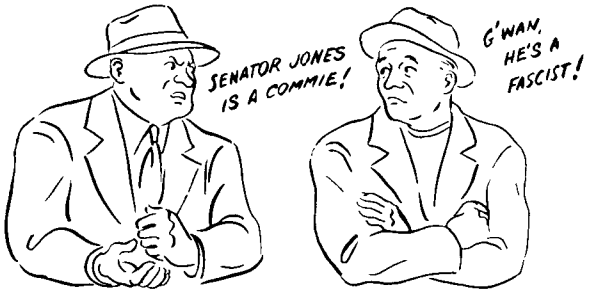

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paniment of overturned furniture and broken glasses.

If there is a single bystander holding aloof, he is likely to be the bartender, who afterward, as before, will still have the job of serving his customers, and cannot help wondering, like a career diplomat in the State Department, whether he will be left with a single unbroken bottle from which to do it.

But the lynx eyes which in Britain, in even the toughest of elections, are keen to detect violations of the rules and write to the *Times* about them are otherwise occupied in the United States. In an American election the principal concern is to see that the free-for-all becomes genuinely inclusive, that no worthwhile talent—political, literary, dramatic, sporting, social, or café-social—is excluded, that everyone is forced to take his stand, either as an upturned face beneath the spotlights at Madison Square Garden or as a signature below one of those full-page advertisements in the New York *Times*, or, at the very least, as the wearer of a campaign button. (In Britain, significantly, we tend to put our favors on our property, e.g., window placards; in America you like to wear them on your persons.)

And so as it sweeps everyone into its cudgeling embraces, this free-for-all fight becomes also something more than a fight—a festival in fact, a huge, crowded, exciting, exhausting carnival of democracy, out of which the winner finally emerges not so much as the victor in a clear-cut contest but as the survivor, whose stamina, buoyancy, and popular appeal have enabled him to float into office borne on the shoulders of the applauding throng.

It is, I think, this corybantic element in American electioneering that makes it so hard for the outside observer to understand what is happening. He suffers from no lack of clear, helpful exposition of individual incidents in this confusing totality; every British schoolboy now understands why General Eisenhower's allusion to Oliver Cromwell was supposed to lose him votes in Massachusetts (did it?) and why a breakfast at Uvalde with former Vice-President Garner was an essential ingredient of Governor Stevenson's visit to Texas. These things are understandable, in the same way as the technique for drawing a six-shooter is understandable. What eludes comprehension is the whole operation of which these incidents form only insignificant parts. Perhaps it cannot be comprehended at second hand but must be experienced before it can be understood.

Where Rules Exist

Indeed, the difficulties in the way of the outsider's comprehension go further than that. I said that by comparison with the British, the Americans were not very interested in securing observance of their election rules. It is not a contention that requires elaboration; one need only study the application of the Hatch Act to obtain ample proof. But this does not mean that there are no rules governing these quadrennial demonstrations, or that the participants are so abandoned in their enthusiasm that they are indifferent to the observance of these rules.

Go to a big election rally where, massed tier upon tier, the crowd sits packed from the base of the platform to the top of the balcony. The place is gay with lights and bunting, noisy with music, cheering, the waving of rattles, and the blowing of horns. When the candidate appears, the tumult becomes deafening; everyone rises in his seat, waves his arms, surges forward. The worshipers have obviously lost themselves in an undisciplined frenzy of wonder, love, and praise. Surely they are possessed, uncontrollable. Then suddenly from nowhere a little man in a gray suit steps forward into the circle of arc lamps that illuminate the candidate. One hand carries a stop watch; the other he holds up imperiously to the tumultuous crowd. Immediately, without a word, the entire hall falls silent. The candidate, smile frozen, lips silent, shares their immobility. One second, five seconds, thirty seconds pass. Suddenly the little man drops his arm. We are on the air.

The candidate begins, the crowd relaxes, the relationship of deity and worshipers is resumed—but resumed this time before the recognized presence of an unseen audience, the listeners and viewers of the nationwide radio and television broadcast.

Now all this obviously requires a very remarkable self-discipline, an observance of a set of rules no less complex than those imposed by any legal referee. If the crowd sees fit in its delirious enthusiasm to roar on and waste some of the meager thirty minutes of the costly broadcast, there is nothing the little man in the gray suit can do about it. But he can always rely on its co-operation; not once did I see him let down. And the crowd is not only co-operating in a joint enterprise with unseen partners; it is also making—and is counted on to make—a fine distinction between appearance and reality.

To me this distinction was always an uncertain one. What was the

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reality of this political occasion? This speaker in the hall with his features so obviously the product of the make-up girl or the natural-seeming image on the screens a thousand miles away? This text—already in type in the early editions—or the actual words coming from the candidate's lips, with all his errors, excisions, and revisions? These sparsely filled benches in front of the platform or—I refer to a celebrated West Coast occasion—those carefully packed rows behind the speaker which looked so impressive on television? The candidate's first spontaneous acknowledgment of applause or the rehearsed repetition of it for the newsreel cameras?

These alternatives bothered me, but they seemed to present no problem to the audiences. They picked their way unerringly between them, like participants in a ritualistic dance, who know, in response not to any discernible signal but to some unconscious prompting, when to advance and when to retire, when to turn and when to reverse.

Debate? What Debate?

A further, and initially puzzling, consequence of this tradition is that the element of debate, expected to be conspicuous in British electioneering, is progressively diminishing from American campaigns. One reason why, despite all the advantages of prior personal acquaintance, the British public found it easier to understand Stevenson's campaigning than Eisenhower's was that it contained, generally, a much larger element of debating technique. The main cause, I suppose, of the low debating content of American campaigns is the relatively minor place that debate is accorded in the working of American political institutions.

Although there is a tradition of Congressional debate and there was once a tradition of electoral debate, as on the famous Lincoln-Douglas occasions, the first is intermittent and the second seems almost extinct. Congressmen do not debate; in committee they "hear," and on the floor they vote. Presidents do not debate; they send or read messages, hold press conferences, or conduct Cabinet meetings. The result is that when anyone trained in these habits goes electioneering—and still more when someone not trained in them hits the whistle stops—the pressures that in any case work in favor of monologue and assumed deafness have an easy victory. The candidate learns his piece, reads his prepared text, affects not to have heard the malicious sallies of his opponent, avoids

all physical confrontation, and tries to keep the initiative in the battle for the public ear more by the volume than the vivacity of his oratory.

One-Way Communication

This tendency was fostered even by the election techniques of the pre-radio age. Many observers have written and spoken about the campaign train for all the world like political Lucius Beebes, as if it breathed the lost enchantments of a period in which candidates and electors met in honest confrontation, without any of the distorting intervention of modern mass communications. So in one sense they do; 1952's schoolboy at the whistle stop in Iowa will be able to tell his 1984 offspring that he once saw Eisenhower plain in a quite different sense from those who only saw him via the cathode ray. But the train-riding candidate still comes among his electorate as a *deus ex machina;* he says what *he* has to say, and then his moving platform pulls out and he is not obliged—indeed not able—to listen to what *they* might want to say in return. Moreover, the campaign train is of course the perfect form of insulation against the press, as Eisenhower and Stevenson both discovered. In a public meeting the candidate has at least to run the gauntlet from the platform to his car; on the train he simply steps back into his coach and watches his inquisitors sprint down the line with no thought in the world but that of not getting left behind.

On top of all this, radio and television have interposed additional layers of concealment between the candidate and the voters—or, to put it another way, they have enabled the candidate to wear before millions more voters a cloak of visibility of his own choosing. For a maximum of thirty minutes he appears at what used to be their firesides, and tells them in a setting contrived by his technicians, in words composed by his speech writers, to the accompaniment of applause provided by his own supporters, what he thinks it good for them to hear.

If his listeners are curious or assiduous, they may tune in later that evening or the next to the voice and features of his opponent doing the same thing, but there is no continuity in their appearances such as might oblige each to answer the other, and at no time will this space-conquering invention be able to make the rivals meet on a viewer's screen.

Moreover, so much more important by this time has become the image than the thing represented that the public meeting, once the cornerstone of all political campaigning, has now been entirely subordinated to the demands of the broadcast. Since viewers must not be bored and in any case air time costs money, half an hour comes to be accepted as the maximum length of any political utterance, no matter how important the occasion or how complicated the theme. And of course there must be no interruptions. So not only can the viewer

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not heckle his screen, but, as one of Senator McCarthy's critics found out in the courts, a man in the hall may not heckle the speaker. To heckle was once the privilege of dissent; it is now becoming a punishable offense, like shouting in church.

The Printed Word

As debate declines in public and on the air, a heavier responsibility than ever rests upon the press to keep it alive. Here is a medium which, in theory, the individual orator or publicity man cannot control. Here the candidate's words appear in a setting which is not of his contriving, reaching his public through cold print rather than through electronic vibrations. Here, too, there is a tradition of objective reporting, of facts being sacred even if comment is biased. It is an inadequate tradition from many points of view; it is an oft-flouted tradition. But it does have the virtue of being a freely and publicly accepted tradition—in the way, for example, that an FCC regulation is not—and it does derive some strength and vitality from that.

But in the circumstances of mid-twentieth-century campaigning the press has to accept much greater responsibilities than this tradition has hitherto envisaged. To counteract and limit the emotional ravages of broadcasting and television, it ought to combine real liveliness and popularity of appeal with real fairness and penetration in its reporting. It ought to remind candidates and public alike that an election is not the extension of two parallel lines that can ignore each other indefinitely. When Election Day comes around they are bound to meet—at the ballot box—and, if no one else will do it, the press must persuade and bully the rival candidates into acknowledging each other's existence sooner, according each other's arguments the dignity of an occasional reply, and reviving the concept of the voter as a *homo sapiens*.

In 1952 the press can hardly be said to have risen to this role. I suspect that the character of the 1956 election will depend very greatly on whether it has come any nearer to assuming it by then.

Views & Reviews

Sun and Shadow

A Short Story

RAY BRADBURY

The camera clicked like an insect. It was blue and metallic, like a great fat beetle held in the man's precious and tenderly exploiting hands. It winked in the flashing sunlight.

"Hsst, Ricardo, come away!"

"You down there!" cried Ricardo out the window.

"Ricardo, stop!"

He turned to his wife. "Don't tell me to stop, tell them to stop. Go down and tell them, or are you afraid?"

"They aren't hurting anything," said his wife, patiently.

He shook her off and leaned out the window and looked down into the alley. "You there!" he cried.

The man in the alley with the camera glanced up, then went on focusing his machine at the lady in the salt-white beach pants, the white brassiére, and the green checkered scarf. She leaned against the cracked plaster of the building. Behind her a dark boy smiled, his hand to his mouth.

"Tomás!" yelled Ricardo. He turned to his wife. "O Jesus the Blessed, Tomás is in the street, my own son laughing there!" Ricardo started out the door.

"Don't do anything!" said his wife.

"I'll cut off their heads," said Ricardo, and was gone.

In the street the lazy woman was lounging now against the peeling blue paint of a banister. Ricardo emerged in time to see her doing this. "That's my banister!" he said.

The cameraman hurried up. "No, no, we're taking pictures. Everything's all right. We'll be moving on."

"Everything is not all right," said Ricardo, his brown eyes flashing. He waved a wrinkled hand. "She's on my house."

"We're taking fashion pictures," said the photographer, smiling.

"Now what am I to do?" said Ricardo to the blue sky. "Go mad with this news? Dance around like an epileptic saint?"

"If it's money, well, here's a five-peso bill," said the photographer.

Ricardo pushed the hand away. "I *work* for my money. You don't understand. Please go."

The photographer was bewildered. "Wait . . ."

"Tomás, get in the house!"

"But, Papa, . . ."

"Gahh!" bellowed Ricardo.

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The boy vanished.

"This has *never* happened before," said the photographer.

"It is long past time! What *are* we? Cowards?" Ricardo asked the world.

A CROWD was gathering. They murmured and smiled and nudged each other's elbows. The photographer with irritable good will snapped his camera shut and said, over his shoulder, to the model: "All right, we'll use that other street. There was a nice cracked wall there and oblique shadows. If we hurry—"

The girl, who had stood during this exchange, nervously twisting her scarf, now seized her make-up kit and darted by Ricardo, but not before he touched her arm. "Do not misunderstand," he said quickly. She stopped, blinked at him. He went on. "It is not you I am mad at. Or you—" he addressed the photographer.

"Then why—" said the photographer.

Ricardo waved his hand. "You are employed, I am employed. We are all people employed. We must understand each other. But when you come to my house with your camera, then the understanding is over. I will not have my alley used because of its pretty shadows, or my sky used because of its sun, or my house used because there is an interesting crack in the wall, here! You *see!* Ah, how beautiful! Lean here! Stand there! Sit here! Crouch there! Hold it! Oh, I *heard* you. Do you think I am stupid? I have books up in my room. You see that window? María!"

His wife's head popped out. "Show them my books!" he cried.

She fussed and muttered, but a moment later she held out one, then two, then half a dozen books, her head turned away as if they were old fish.

"And two dozen more like them upstairs!" cried Ricardo. "You're not talking to some cow in the forest, you're talking to a man!"

"Look," said the photographer, packing his plates swiftly. "We're going. Thanks for nothing."

"Before you go, you must see what I am getting at," said Ricardo. "I am not a mean man. But I *can* be a very angry man. Do I look like a piece of cardboard?"

"Nobody said anybody looked like anything." The photographer hefted his case and started off.

"There is a photographer two blocks over," said Ricardo, pacing him. "They have pieces of cardboard there, with pictures on them. You stand in front of them. It says GRAND HOTEL. They take a picture of you and it looks like you are in the Grand Hotel. Do you see what I mean? My alley is my alley, my life is my life, my son is my son. My son is not cardboard! I saw you putting my son against the wall, so and thus, in the background. What do you call it—for the correct air? To make the whole attractive, and the pretty lady in front of him?"

"It's getting late," said the photographer, sweating. The model trotted along on the other side of him.

"We are poor people," said Ricardo. "Our doors peel paint, our walls are chipped and cracked, our gutters fume in the street, the alleys are all cobbles. But it fills me with a terrible rage when I see you make over these things as if I had *planned* it this way, as if I had, years ago, induced the wall to crack. Did you

think I knew you were coming, and aged the paint? Or that I knew you were coming and put my boy in his dirtiest clothes? We are *not* a studio! We are people and must be given attention as people. Have I made it clear?"

"With abundant detail," said the photographer, not looking at him, hurrying.

"Now that you know my wishes and my reasoning, you will do the friendly thing and go home?"

"You are a hilarious man," said the photographer. "Hey!" They had joined a group of five other models and a second photographer at the base of a vast stone stairway which in layers, like a bridal cake, led up to the white town square. "How you doing, Joe?"

"We got some beautiful shots near the Church of the Virgin, some statuary without any noses, lovely stuff," said Joe. "What's the commotion?"

"Pancho here got in an uproar. Seems we leaned against his house and knocked it down."

"My name is Ricardo. My house is completely intact."

"We'll shoot it *here,* dear," said the first photographer. "Stand by the archway of that store. There's a nice antique wall over there." He peered into the mysteries of his camera.

"So!" A dreadful quiet came upon Ricardo. He watched them prepare. When they were ready to take the picture he hurried forward, calling to a man in a doorway. "Jorge! What are you *doing?*"

"I'm just standing here," said the man.

"Well," said Ricardo, "isn't that *your* archway? Are you going to let them *use* it?"

"I'm not bothered," said Jorge.

Ricardo shook his arm. "They're treating your property like a movie actor's place. Aren't you insulted?"

"I haven't thought about it." Jorge picked his nose.

"Jesus upon earth, man, *think!*"

"I can't see any harm," said Jorge.

"Am I the *only* one in the world with a tongue in my mouth?" said Ricardo to his empty hands. "And taste on my tongue? Is this a town of false picture scenes? Won't *anyone* do something about this except me?"

THE CROWD had followed them down the street, gathering others to it as it came; now it was of a fair size and more were coming, drawn by Ricardo's bullish shouts. He stamped his feet. He made fists. He spat. The cameraman and the models watched him nervously. "Do you want a *picturesque* man in the background?" he said wildly to the

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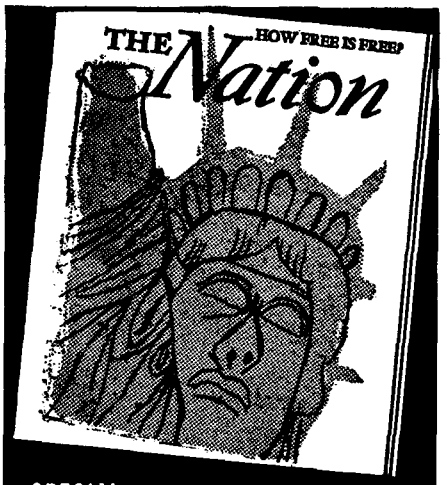

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cameraman. "I'll pose back here. Do you want me near this wall, my hat *so*, my feet *so*, the light so and thus on my sandals which I made myself? Do you want me to rip this hole in my shirt a bit larger, eh, like *this*? *So!* Is my face smeared with enough perspiration? Is my hair long enough, kind sir?"

"Stand there if you want," said the photographer.

"I won't look in the camera," Ricardo assured him.

The photographer smiled and lifted his machine. "Over to your left one step, dear." The model moved. "Now turn your right leg. That's fine. Fine, fine. *Hold* it!"

The model froze, chin tilted up.

Ricardo dropped his pants.

"Oh, my God!" said the photographer.

Some of the models squealed. The crowd laughed and pummeled each other a bit. Ricardo quietly raised his pants and leaned against the wall. "Was that picturesque enough?" he said.

"Oh, my God!" muttered the photographer.

"Let's go down to the docks," said his assistant.

"I think *I'll* go there, too." Ricardo smiled.

"Good God, what can we do with the idiot?" whispered the photographer.

"Buy him off."

"I *tried* that."

"You didn't try high enough."

"Listen, you run get a policeman. I'll put a stop to this."

The assistant ran. Everyone stood around smoking cigarettes nervously, eying Ricardo. A dog came by and briefly made water against the wall.

"Look at that!" cried Ricardo. "What art! What a pattern! Quick, before the sun dries it!"

The camerman turned his back and looked out to sea.

THE assistant came rushing along the street. Behind him, a native policeman strolled quietly. The assistant had to stop and run back to urge the policeman to hurry. The policeman assured him with a gesture, at a distance, that the day was not yet over, and, in time, they would arrive at the scene of whatever disaster lay ahead.

The policeman took up a position behind the two cameramen. "What seems to be the trouble?"

"That man up there. We want him removed."

"That man up there seems only to be leaning against a wall," said the officer.

"No, no, it's not the leaning, he—oh, hell," said the cameraman. "The only way to explain is to show you. Take your pose, dear."

The girl posed. Ricardo posed, smiling casually.

"Hold it!"

The girl froze.

Ricardo dropped his pants.

Click went the camera.

"Ah," said the policeman.

"Got the evidence right in this old camera if you need it!" said the cameraman.

"Ah," said the policeman, not moving, hand to chin. "So." He surveyed the scene like an amateur photographer himself. He saw the model with the flushed, nervous marble face, the cobbles, the wall, and Ricardo. Ricardo magnificently smoking a cigarette there in the noon sunlight under the blue sky, his pants where a man's pants rarely are.

"Well, officer?" said the cameraman, waiting.

"Just what," said the policeman, taking off his cap and wiping his dark brow, "do you want me to do?"

"Arrest that man! Indecent exposure!"

"Ah," said the policeman.

"Well?" said the cameraman.

The crowd murmured. All the nice lady models were looking out at the seagulls and the ocean.

"That man up there against the wall," said the officer, "I know him. His name is Ricardo Reyes."

"Hello, Estebán!" called Ricardo.

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The officer called back at him. "Hello, Ricardo."

They waved at each other.

"He's not doing anything *I* can see," said the officer.

"What do you mean?" asked the cameraman. "He's as naked as a rock. It's immoral!"

"That man is doing nothing immoral. He's just standing there," said the policeman. "Now if he were *doing* something, something terrible to view, I would act upon the instant. However, since he is simply leaning there, not moving a limb or muscle, I see nothing wrong."

"He's naked, *naked!*" screamed the cameraman.

"I don't understand." The officer blinked.

"You just don't go around naked, that's all!"

"There are naked people and naked people," said the officer. "Good and bad. Sober and with drink in them. I judge this one to be a man with no drink in him, a good man by reputation; naked, yes, but doing nothing with this nakedness in any way to offend the community."

"What *are* you, his *brother?* What are you, his confederate?" said the cameraman. It seemed that at any moment he might snap and bite and bark and woof and race around in circles under the blazing sun. "Where's the justice? What's going *on* here? Come on, girls, we'll go somewhere else!"

"France," said Ricardo.

"What!" The photographer whirled.

"I said France, or Spain," suggested Ricardo. "Or Sweden. I have seen some nice pictures of walls in Sweden. But not many cracks in them. Forgive my suggestion."

"We'll get pictures in spite of you!" The cameraman shook his camera, his fist.

"I will be there," said Ricardo. "Tomorrow, the next day, at the bullfights, at the market, anywhere, everywhere you go I go, quietly, with grace. With dignity, to perform my necessary task."

Looking at him, they knew it was true.

"Who are you—who in hell do you think you are?" cried the photographer.

"I have been waiting for you to ask me," said Ricardo. "Consider me. Go home and think of me. As long as there is one man like me in a town of ten thousand, the world will go on. Without me, all would be chaos."

"Good night, nurse!" said the photographer, and the entire swarm of ladies, hatboxes, cameras, and makeup kits retreated down the street toward the docks. "Time out for lunch, dears. We'll figure something later."

Ricardo watched them go, quietly. He had not moved from his position. The crowd still looked upon him and smiled.

Now, Ricardo thought, I will walk up the street to my house, which has paint peeling from the door where I have brushed it a thousand times in passing, and I shall walk over the stones I have worn down in forty-six years of walking, and I shall run my hand over the crack in the wall of my own house, which is the crack made by the earthquake in 1930. I remember well the night, us all in bed, Tomás as yet unborn, and María and I much in love, and thinking it was our love which moved the house, warm and great in the night; but it was the earth trembling, and in the morning that crack in the wall. And I shall climb the steps to the lacework grille balcony of my father's house, which grillework he made with his own hands, and I shall eat the food my wife serves me on the balcony, with the books near at hand. And my son Tomás, whom I created out of whole cloth, yes, bedsheets, let us admit it, with my good wife. And we shall sit eating and talking, not photographs, not false cardboard, not paintings, not stage furniture, any of us. But actors, all of us, very fine actors indeed.

As if to second this last thought, a sound startled his ear. He was in the midst of solemnly, with great dignity and grace, lifting his pants to belt them around his waist, when he heard this lovely sound. It was like the winging of soft doves in the air. It was applause.

The small crowd, looking up at him, enacting the final scene of the play before the intermission for lunch, saw with what beauty and gentlemanly decorum he was elevating his trousers. The applause broke like a brief wave upon the shore of the nearby sea.

Ricardo gestured and smiled to them all. On his way home up the hill he shook hands with the dog that had watered the wall.

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CHANNELS:

Comments on TV

MARYA MANNES

'And Now . . .'

THERE are approximately 180 shows produced over all the networks every day. At four shows an hour per network and at the conservative estimate of two commercials a show, a steady viewer would be urged to buy something 128 times a day. Presumably none but the ill and the old look at television all day. But if the average viewer looked only a third of the time, she (it must be she) would be subjected to a volume of sales pressure unequaled in history.

So what? How else could a mass medium exist—a medium so expensive that an hour variety show can cost $50,000 to produce? Advertising has long been an integral part of the American economy and the only alternative, it would seem, to that major American nightmare, government control. Certainly it has helped give us the highest standard of living in the world. But what else is this overwhelming barrage of selling doing to us? Is it infecting us, as one writer put it when he spoke of the light in the eyes of women shoppers, with "the terrible hysteria of the acquisitive life"?

In print, on the air, on the screen, we are made to want something every hour of the TV day. Because this is fine for the seller, is it necessarily fine for the consumer? Or—combined with the malnutrition of most television shows, which kill time as they starve thought—will it lead in the end to mass stultification, a cumulative hypnosis divorced from real need?

The pickings are good—now. Daily, millions of dollars' worth of products are sold through television, and if the public at large objects to this hourly seduction of will and purse, it has not yet cried out. On the contrary, I imagine that a great many people derive as much pleasure from the commercials as they do from the shows, just as an equal number read the ads in magazines and newspapers as thoroughly as the editorial content. The two have in fact become less and less distinguishable.

HERE, really, is where the danger lies; not only in the commercials themselves—intrusive, boring, or offensive as the worst can be—but in the fact that selling creeps more and more into the "pure" body of TV. By contract, the sponsors of most television shows have complete control over the material used in those shows—human and written. Beyond and above the FCC code against obscenity and indecency, the sponsor can object to anything of a controversial nature which might alienate some consumers, or to any actor or writer whose past or present activities might make him an object of public criticism—instances of which are still fresh in the mind. That the sponsor does not always exert this control is due either to his wisdom or to the courage and independence of network producers, notably those on CBS, whose news analysts in particular are allowed more freedom than their colleagues on any other network, and who are—for this reason as well as for their inherent talent—incomparably better.

But even on CBS the blight spreads. "Omnibus," which started out (thanks to the money of the Ford Foundation) so blissfully "pure," is now interrupted by increasingly long filmlets and playlets about Greyhound busses and Remington shavers; and even Alistair Cooke, smiling wanly, leads into them now and then. It is, to this writer, a degrading sight when a dis-

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What's your score on these questions about JAMES JOYCE

considered by many to be the most influential writer of our time

Question 1: When was Joyce's "Ulysses" made legally available to the reading public in this country?

Question 2: What one single passage in "Finnegans Wake" took Joyce 1600 working hours to write?

Question 3: How did Joyce capitalize on his early psychic and intellectual struggles over religion, sex, and art?

Question 4: Which of all his stories was Joyce's favorite?

Question 5: How did Joyce express his deep feeling about his wife's unwavering loyalty?

Question 6: What one (and only one) volume contains *all* these Joyce writings complete: "The Dubliners," "Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man," "Exiles," "Collected Poems," and selected passages from "Ulysses" and "Finnegans Wake?"

Answer 1: Not until 1933, eleven years after it was first published in Paris. (Judge John H. Woolsey ruled "Ulysses" not obscene.)

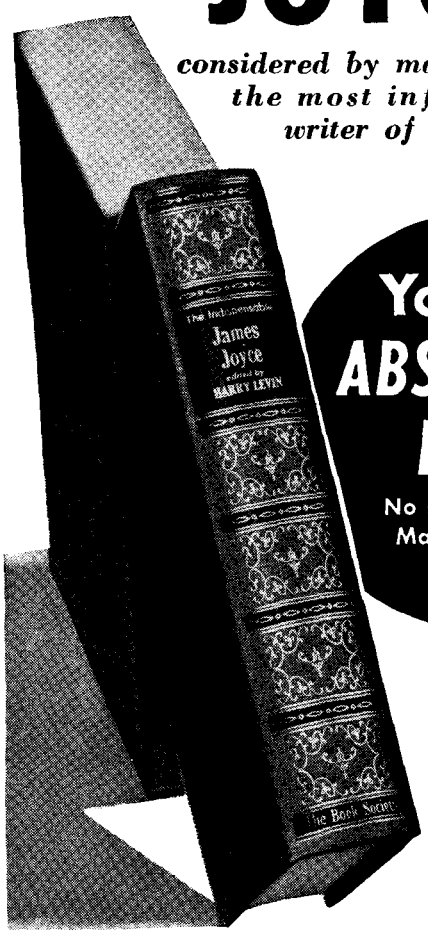
Answer 2: The famous and oft-quoted "Anna Livia Plurabelle" incident.

Answer 3: By writing his brilliant autobiographical novel, "Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man."

Answer 4: "Ivy Day in the Committee Room," from "The Dubliners," a collection of Joyce stories.

Answer 5: By writing "The Exiles," a powerful 3-act play, and his only play.

Answer 6: The 768-page edition of James Joyce — yours free — when you mail coupon below.



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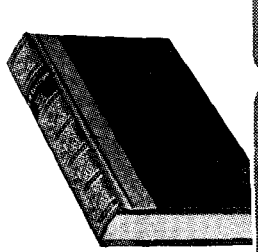

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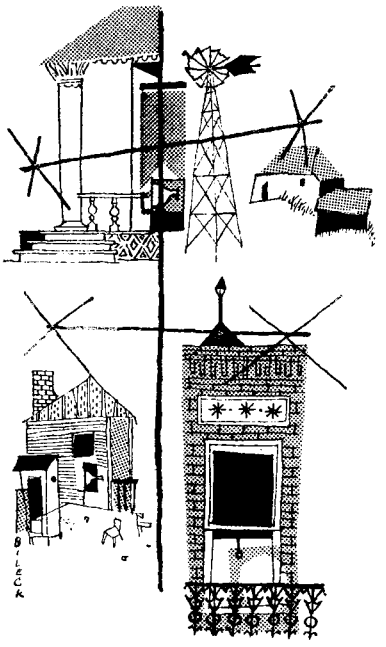
tinguished actor or newscaster is made to help with the pitch, as if his distinction were not adequate value for his wages.

There are—there always are—exceptions. U.S. Steel, for instance, allows the Theatre Guild wide latitude in the choice and production of its Sunday night plays on radio. Corporations like the Texas Company and Willys-Overland have brought magnificent music to millions on radio with a minimum of sales intrusion. I cannot believe that they have lost by their generosity and respect for the public.

That indeed is the one avenue of hope in the wasteland of commercial abuses—self-restraint on the part of sponsors, which will pay off in the long run in public gratitude and good will. I find it hard to believe that long commercials sell more than short commercials; that vulgarity appeals more than dignity; that a frenetic, garrulous spiel persuades more than a quiet, brief announcement.

One-minute limits should be put



on all commercials. Much more attention should be given to their format and timing, so that they conflict least with the mood and format of the show sponsored. Much more could be done with animations, using such new and delightful techniques as those of UPA, creators of Gerald McBoing-Boing. Much more imagination and charm could be used with jingles and songs. The enormous talent available in the advertising field could be used to far greater effect—and with far greater confidence in public taste.

Above and over all, the ultimate control should lie with the networks rather than the advertising agencies, for a public medium is a public service and not a department store. Nor is it the signal corps of a commercial army of occupation whose passwords are "and now . . . a message from our sponsor."

THE PATTER of salesmanship has become so mechanical and words so bleached of meaning that the following phrases were caught on TV during one week:

"Laster-longing service."
"Mine-of-the-run family."
"A hoppy haliday season."

They sounded all right, too.

The Golden Age Of the Movie Palace

MEYER LEVIN

MERELY COLOSSAL, THE STORY OF THE MOVIES FROM THE LONG CHASE TO THE CHAISE LONGUE, by Arthur Mayer. Drawings by George Price. *Simon and Schuster. $3.50.*

THE television generation may never know what it is to witness the grand opening of a movie palace. Whether it was the Taj Mahal of Centerville, the Riviera of Chicago, or the Music Hall of Manhattan, the movie palace was indeed the physical manifestation of the splendor-vision in our American dreams. And for every member of the movie generation there are tender associations of dating and of courtship linked with the local movie palace. The opening of that palace, heralded by special sections in the newspaper, peak-pointed an era. It was a sensation of grandiose achievement, like Lindy's flight to Europe, into which each spectator projected himself.

We of Chicago felt that the movie palace was our personal invention. And we of the West Side had the most intimate share in the birth of this symbol of the opulent dream life: Our nickels went into it.

Maybe the respectful usher in the gold-buttoned red monkey suit, hushedly showing us to the plush seats, was as important to our illusion as was Valentino on the screen. Maybe this was what was understood by two boys from our own neighborhood, and why, from picking the ushers, they eventually came to pick the Valentinos. For Balaban and Katz ritualized the nickel show and made it cinema; they installed the cathedral organ in the Spanish grotto, they created "outside-inside" architecture and the star-studded ceiling.

Every old West Sider pretends to remember handing over his nickels to Abe Balaban at that converted shooting gallery on Kedzie and Twelfth. Abe and his brothers had been raised in back of the family fish store, but soon Mama Balaban saw the advantages in Abe's choice of the movie business. "Think of it, a cash busi-

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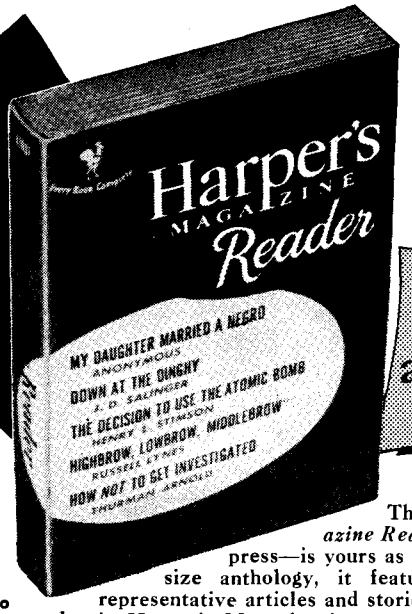

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The Real Life of Pierpont Morgan is told by Frederick Lewis Allen, author of the current best seller *The Big Change;* John Fischer reveals **The Unwritten Law of American Politics.**

Henry L. Stimson, the late Secretary of War, documents the little-known but fateful **Decision to Use the Atom Bomb.**

Katherine Anne Porter is represented by **Gertrude Stein: A Self Portrait** . . . Joyce Cary by **A Special Occasion** . . . and J. D. Salinger of the memorable *Catcher in the Rye* tells another one you won't forget, **Down at the Dinghy.**

Thurman Arnold shows **How NOT to Get Investigated** . . . Russell Lynes' famous **Highbrow, Lowbrow, Middlebrow** is included, naturally . . . and the rest are equally good.

JUST LOOK AT THE CONTENTS

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These are typical of the stimulating reading you find every month in

Harper's MAGAZINE

Here's what you will read in the current March issue:

WHAT DO THE DEMOCRATS DO NOW? The Democrats lost the election because of "intellectual anemia" and "an almost total collapse of party organization." Adlai Stevenson, as head of the Democratic party, must now put together a different kind of coalition with a new program and new machinery. *John Fischer*

RUSSIA AND THE WEST. One of the best known and most distinguished of contemporary historians takes a historical rather than journalistic perspective on the current world situation and presents a startling new viewpoint, for Western readers, on our relations with Russia. *Arnold J. Toynbee*

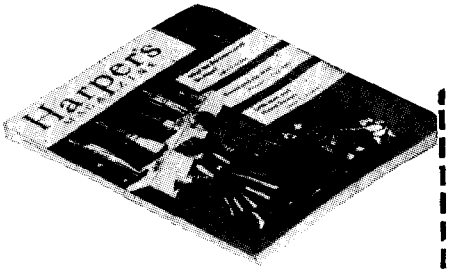
LITTLE MEN AND FLYING SAUCERS. A famous anthropologist discusses flying saucers and life on other planets. He concludes that man is unique in the universe and that "invasion" is impossible by creatures comparable to human beings. *Loren C. Eiseley*

THE GREAT MOKUSATSU MISTAKE. On July 26, 1945, the Potsdam Declaration demanded that Japan surrender or be crushed—and the world awaited Japan's answer. A mis-translation of the Japanese reply changed history. Was this possibly the deadliest error of our time? *William J. Coughlin*

TAFT-HARTLEY AND THE TEST OF TIME. Now that tempers have cooled, "the voice of the reasonable man has begun to be heard." Somehow the national economy has survived the violent partisanship that surrounds this controversial labor legislation—the wording of which has caused it to be known as "the Lawyers' Full Employment Act of 1947." *Benjamin Rathbun*

REVOLUTION IN CLOTHES. In a world that frequently looks grim, there is a new desire for color and informality in clothes. There seems to be little chance that the trend will either stop or reverse itself, and textile manufacturers are taking this into account. *Fessenden Blanchard*

Also in this issue: "England's Country Houses" by C. V. Wedgwood, "Portraits from Memory: The Webbs" by Bertrand Russell, "Artists in Uniform" by Mary McCarthy, "Indigenous Girls" by Donald R. Depew, and the regular departments of Bernard DeVoto, Gilbert Highet, "Mr. Harper"—plus The New Recordings by Edward Tatnall Canby.



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ness with no stock of fish or vegetables to spoil!" And Sam Katz, at the same time, was using the profits from three small movie houses to support himself through law school, for he wasn't sure of the movie business as a lifetime occupation.

But, legend notwithstanding, not every pants presser or fish peddler could become a film magnate, and Arthur Mayer, though he pretends in his book to be proving the "thesis of the superiority of luck over merit," soon shows what these families added to the picture business. They went a few blocks up Twelfth Street and built the Central Park Theatre, first of America's true movie palaces. And right in our neighborhood. Who doesn't remember the splendors of that opening? Who didn't attend, from then on, weekly service at the Central Park?

AND IN THE 1920's we watched Balaban and Katz string their diamond necklace around Chicago—the Tivoli, the Riviera, and eventually the central diamond pendant that could only be called the Chicago.

At the same time, a rival chain was being strung by Lubliner and Trinz, and we used to count the jewels in each lavaliere—was B. & K. growing faster than L. & T.?—until the time came, as Arthur Mayer relates, when the two firms amalgamated. Of course, you couldn't have a marquee with Balaban, Katz, Lubliner & Trinz, like an advertising agency or a law firm. So Paramount-Publix Theatres was born.

The chain grew, and swallowed many a lesser entity in the fish-eat-fish phase of movie enterprise, until at one time there were about eighteen hundred theatres in the Paramount-Publix leviathan, not to mention additional clusters in England, France, Belgium, Austria, Spain, Sweden, Mexico, Brazil, and Japan.

The Bicycle Chain

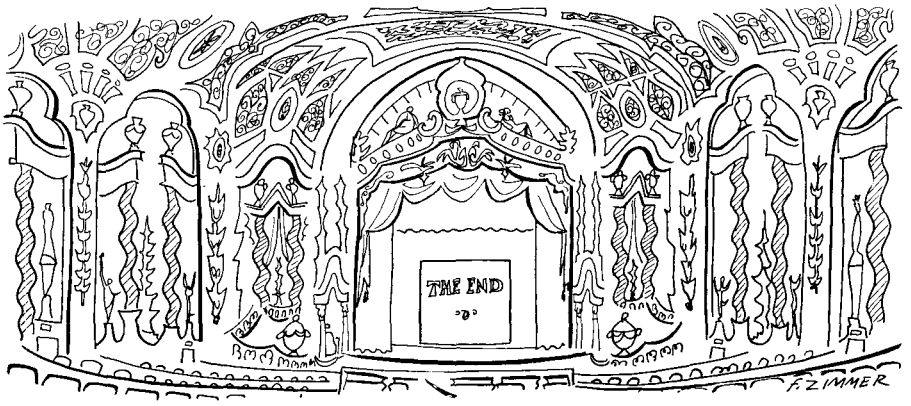
There have been histories of motion-picture production, recounting the fables of Hollywood. But Arthur Mayer's tales chiefly concern the other side of the industry, distribution and exhibition, and they indeed illuminate the fantasy business. Witty, perceptive, and irreverent—though he exhibits dislike only for one early associate—Mayer draws upon his years as film salesman, theatre manager, and Paramount publicist for a history of the entire industry. Though his pages sparkle with glamorous names, though his account of his development of the Rialto at Times Square as a horror-picture emporium is hilarious, and though his account of his career as a distributor and popularizer of art films is edifying, it is his description of the chain-building era that proves most interesting.

Fresh out of Harvard—and thereby giving the lie to the legend that all early film folk were pants pressers—the glib young Mayer was hired as a salesman by Sam Goldwyn. On the road, he dealt with the typical early exhibitor, the family man whose son ran the projector, whose wife took the tickets, and whose daughters were available for marriage to future partners who would open nearby theatres, thus creating the first chains. Indeed, in those early days there was even a custom known as bicycling, whereby the youngest son would ride each reel, as soon as it had been projected, over to the next theatre, which operated on a slightly later schedule. This was tough on film salesmen, but Arthur Mayer, instead of accepting a daughter and becoming a link in an illicit bicycle chain, hired himself out as a chain manager.

In the 1920's, he found himself in Chicago working for a man named Jay Rubens, who was stringing a chain without benefit of daughters:

"Jay Rubens was the epitome of all the virtues and some of the weaknesses of these early circuit builders. He left school three days ahead of Graduation Day because he figured this would give him the jump on his schoolmates in finding a job." Rubens soon owned a small theatre in Aurora, Illinois. "His was one of three theatres in . . . town . . . The film companies . . . had the three owners bidding their heads off for pictures whose prices rose with every bid. Rubens cured the situation by buying out one of his competitors and by going into the garage business with the other." This proved such a good idea that Rubens was soon going into one town after another, buying up theatres. In each case the town's second theatre would have its seats yanked out and, as it was turned into a garage, Rubens established what he beautifully termed "a closed situation." The film companies were soon glad to get any price at all to have their pictures played.

As for technique, Rubens would descend upon a town, make the local movie owner "some ridiculously low offer and follow it up with an eloquent discourse on the security and satisfaction the proprietor would enjoy once he exchanged the vicissitudes of conducting his own business for a weekly paycheck. If repulsed, [Rubens's] next step was to get an option on some adjacent property, erect a huge sign depicting a palatial new theatre designed to make the Roxy look like the county poorhouse, and ostentatiously put a steam shovel to work."



The Palace of the Citizen King

Jay Rubens himself was swallowed by Balaban and Katz, who in turn combined with Zukor, forming Paramount-Publix. Arthur Mayer went along, in the belly of the whale.

While the original building of the movie chains was perhaps not unlike

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from an article in the bi-weekly news magazine, THE PATHFINDER.

Dream trips you can afford:

ROUND THE WORLD FOR $498

THE LITTLE Tyrhennia Line steamer *Olbia* takes a couple of days to butt through the Mediterranean, from Genoa via Leghorn to brigand-riddled Corsica. If you're aboard, don't stay up late watching the wild mountain dances of Ligurian peasants on the steerage deck. For you must be on deck at dawn—while you pass the lone island of Capraia, with salt-blown Elba to the south—to watch for the high Corsican peaks to show above the horizon.

At $6.50 (including five full meals) the *Olbia's* voyage is a fair example of dream trips you can afford. And there are others—colorful journeys to exotic lands that often cost little more than your vacation at home. Trade your usual beach for a houseboat in the Vale of Kashmir, or a cruise among the lesser Caribbean islands by native trading schooner.

You can travel clear around the world —to South Seas coral isles and the misty lakes of New Zealand, to Australia and the plains of Africa, to Europe's leisurely antiquity—for just $498 in fares. That long steamer jaunt can be duplicated in ten days by plane for $1,700, but where's the fun?

Last year, 52 million Americans spent a record of $12 billion on vacations. Many went on organized cruises at prices from $125 to $25,000. But some traveled off the tourist track, got cheaper and more glamorous vacations.

JUST REMEMBER

• • *Bargain paradises get that way because they haven't been discovered by tourist mobs. They're harder to find and to reach—but more rewarding.*

• • *Chromed ocean liners and international hotels are America transplanted. For fun at budget prices, go by freighter and stay at pensions.*

• • *Make your longest hop from Europe, not directly from the U. S. Currency differentials and lower European rates can save up to 50%.*

• • *Don't go unless you're ready to plan well ahead and to shop for travel bargains.*

CARIBBEAN There are still undiscovered Edens at America's back door. Tobago, the Robinson Crusoe island that rivals Tahiti, where living is so cheap the Island's chief official gets only $240 a month. Or, Grenada, which, as a native described it: "Dis islan', suh, is t'ing Gahd mek from rainbo'." There, for $12 a week, you can rent a 3-bedroom house with its own private beach. Many of the best spots can be reached only by trading schooner. Go down to the waterfront at Grenada or elsewhere and bargain with dusky skippers to make your own price—keep this up and cruise all the lesser islands of this jeweled chain.

Here's a sampling of dream trips

Round the World. Every 2 months a Shaw Savill vessel leaves London for Curacao, Panama, and New Zealand. Cross the Pacific, change at Wellington for another SSL ship going west via Australia and South Africa back to England. Minimum fare about $498—but the trip is usually booked up 15 months in advance. (Reach London for about $175 from New York.) Other round the world trips from the U. S. as low as $250–$300 a month via deluxe freighters.

India. Minimum fare from New York to Ceylon, India, or Malaya is about $350. Transhipping in England, you can make the trip by luxury liner (tourist class) for $319. Go to the lotus-covered mountain lakes of Kashmir, where a furnished houseboat with four turbanned servants rents for $70 a month. Total costs for a couple run around $175 a month—in the most beautiful spot on earth.

South Seas. You can still live the life of a Tahitian beachcomber—but not in Tahiti, which has found out about the Yankee dollar. Instead, drowse on brilliant Sigatoka Beach at Suva or watch Pacific combers crash on reef-grit Norfolk or Lord Howe Islands. (You can reach the South Seas by freighter from the U. S.)

Africa. Perhaps the biggest travel bargain today is an 80-day luxury cruise around the Dark Continent, calling at a score of colorful ports like Dar-es-Salaam, for $700, round trip from Amsterdam. (You can reach Holland for $165 from the U. S.)

Mediterranean. A two-week cruise to Malta, Naples, Casablanca, and Lisbon starts as low as $92, round trip from London. But try a longer stay—in the lush valleys of Mount Olympus on Cyprus, where a couple can live comfortably for $1,400 a year; on Aegean islands that hide remnants of a 5,000-year-old civilization among olive and cork groves; or with the fisherfolk of rocky Sardinia, where hotel rates are 24¢ a day or $1.12 with three good meals.

Atlantic Islands. Green cones standing out of the sparkling waters of the South Atlantic—these are the Azores and the Canaries. Tropical flowers, sandy beaches, and the charm of old Spain are combined here—with rents of about $20 a month, groceries for a couple at $10 a week and servants $5 a month each.

The vagabond voyager with a fistful of dreams can get aids to planning from these 2 guides:

BARGAIN PARADISES OF THE WORLD

This is a book on how to double what your money can buy. For that is what spending a few weeks or months, or even retiring, in the world's Bargain Paradises amounts to.

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With this book you can stop saying that travel is too expensive. Passenger-carrying freighters do offer you a way to see the world for as little as you'd spend at a resort. And what accommodations you get—large rooms with beds (not bunks), probably a private bath, lots of good food, plenty of relaxation as your ship speeds from port to port.

Trips to Rio and Buenos Aires, to the West Indies, between California and New York, out to Hawaii—trips to almost everywhere—are within your means.

There are round-the-world voyages and shorter trips too. Fast, uncrowded voyages to England, France, the Mediterranean; two- or three-week vacations to the West Indies or down the Pacific Coast.

This book names the lines, tells where they go, how much they charge, briefly describes accommodations. It includes practically every passenger-carrying service starting from or going to New York, Canada, New Orleans, the Pacific Coast, England, France, Scandinavia, the Mediterranean, Africa, the Near East, the Indies, Australia, the South Seas, Japan, Hawaii, etc. It's yours for $1.00.

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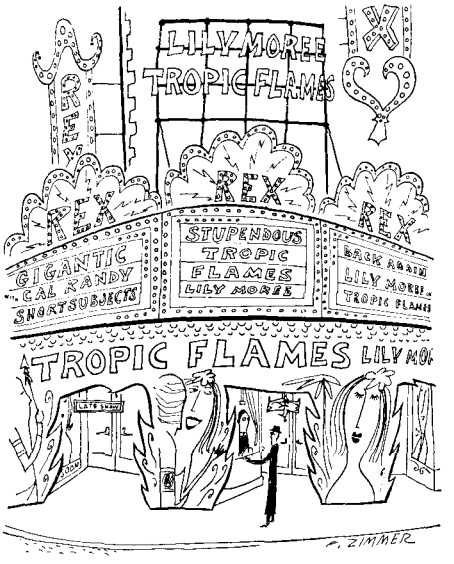
the building of the drugstore chains and the Sears, Roebuck stores which also spread out from Chicago, they then proceeded toward a monolithic combination of production and distribution. In their bigness, in their enforced market, Mayer sees the source of quality decay that eventually, with the coming of television, nearly ruined the whole motion-picture industry.

In their heyday, however, Loew's, Warner's, and Paramount-Publix operated in frenzied fashion. It seemed impossible to lose money. Instead of the Rubens squeeze play, they used big money to acquire theatres. "Another owner I knew came into the New York office to sell his profitable little theatre. I took him to see Katz, who was, as usual, having a hectic day. 'Don't bother me and take up my time with one house,' he told my man. 'Go out and get yourself a circuit and then come back.' "

More Stately Mansions

Sometimes there was an ironic reversal of the "closed situation." Publix, for example, acquired a seven-hundred-seat house in the central Nebraska town of North Platte (pop. 12,000). "William Fox . . . regarded this as the first step in an invasion of his God-given territory, and in retaliation ordered the construction of a palatial new theatre which could well have graced Broadway or State Street. On hearing of this, Mr. Zukor reacted as he would to the rape of the Sabine women and declared that an unprovoked assault had been made on one of his towns. In order to teach Mr. Fox and all his other competitors a lesson, he issued instructions that regardless of expense we should build an even larger and more de luxe playhouse. We did. Before the competitive battle was over, North Platte had three beautiful theatres, all losing money."

In the end, superior management prevailed. Shrewd, imaginative, and competent, Balaban and Katz understood from the first the dream-reality of the movie palace. This was the citizen king's seat of luxury. They had introduced hand-painted oil paintings in the lobbies, grandiose stage presentations, and supervised playrooms where show-going mammas could leave the kiddies, and they had air-conditioned the Central Park when banks and hotels wouldn't dream of such luxury. On the administrative side, they had organized their chain so well that each manager was told how much cleaning material he needed per square foot of floor. And the manager of course had no choice of pictures; he



received them from the central office, with canned advertising.

Thus, the closed situation had taken on another dimension. Each major studio could release whatever product it wished to its captive theatres, and the remaining independent exhibitors were controlled through block booking. "Some companies admittedly pursued a policy of producing a half-dozen cheaters for every quality film on their schedule." It took thirteen years of litigation before the producer-distributor rings were broken up. "All considered, in the light of the experience of the past twenty years, it can safely be deduced that as far as the motion picture industry is concerned (and I would not be surprised, as far as all industries are concerned), practices destructive of the free market are not conducive to the welfare of the community or to that of the industry involved. For four years neither Paramount nor M-G-M produced a single picture that lost money, although they turned out many that were admittedly of little value." So people gradually began to stay away from the palaces where bum pictures were booked, regardless.

"The consent decrees entered into between the government and the film companies mean the opening of the picture industry to a far keener battle for playing time on the screens of the nation than it has known since its pioneer days. To old-fashioned souls who pin their hopes for progress on the forces inherent in competition rather than in cartels, closed markets or other restrictive trade practices, this appears a step in the right direction."

Our historian, meanwhile, had stepped out of the whale's belly. After heading the publicity staff for Paramount Pictures, he had succumbed to every wage earner's dream and gone into business for himself, operating the Rialto Theatre on Times Square.

THEN came the career that made Arthur Mayer the very model of the schizoid modern man. With one hand he purveyed horror films at the Rialto, with the other he distributed art films.

Passing the green electric eyes of the Rialto display monsters, art-theatre operators crawled up the narrow stairs to the tiny offices where Mayer, with his partner Joe Burstyn, would expatiate on the film sense of Flaherty or the beauties of "Ballerina." There wasn't much money in foreign art films, but some of them did begin to pay their way when promoted sexwise. Thus the public discovered Lesbian titillations in "Club des Femmes," and thus Joe Burstyn eventually sold "Open City" to a considerable audience by means of meretricious ads.

Audiences Are Better Than Ever

Arthur Mayer is duly cynical but not discouraged about the public response to good films. Even Hollywood, he points out, produces quite a few good films, though they are not usually the money-makers. Yet he sees a gradual improvement in audience taste. He thinks, too, that the challenge of television will force the motion-picture industry to make better entertainment films. Even the star system, he points out, has lost its sway when a virtual unknown like Judy Holliday can be chosen over Rita Hayworth to play in "Born Yesterday." With block booking,

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monolithic production-distribution, and ruling stars on the wane, sense may yet prevail.

He discounts the television threat, noting that television at home does not fulfill the gregarious urge to go out, to congregate. It does not provide the excitement of the visit to the palace.

He believes that theatres will again be operated by showmen who will attract the public with more tastefully designed houses, with even more luxuriously restful seats and trappings. And, as would befit the recent chief of filmdom's all-industry *public-relations program*, he believes that movies will be better than ever.

For instance, in the earliest days of films, a train would be shown coming at the public, and people would leap out of their seats to get out of the way. Today, there are three-dimensional cinema systems, like Cinerama, in which a train is shown coming at the public, and people leap out of their seats to get out of the way.

BOOK NOTES

THE WORLD AND THE WEST, by Arnold J. Toynbee. *Oxford University Press. 99 pages. $2.*

Professor Toynbee's theme is the impact that the West has had on Russia, Islam, India, and the Far East during the past five centuries. He calls the western role one of aggression, militarily, commercially, or culturally, and describes how each great area reacted historically. Some adopted western methods to one degree or another in order to cope with the West. Those which adopted western techniques were more successful against the West than those which were unwilling or unable to westernize.

Successive western invasions forced Russia, in order to survive, to let its destiny be controlled by autocratic despots with the strength to resist the West, in Dr. Toynbee's view. Under Peter the Great, Russia set out deliberately to westernize its defenses. Two centuries later Russia adopted another western idea—the London-Manchester Communism of Marx and Engels—which Dr. Toynbee calls a western heresy—as an instrument with which to fight the West. On top of this missionary-economic idea Russia adopted and enforced the West's industrialization methods.

In the case of Islam, the once-conquering Ottoman Empire languished and weakened because it did not adopt western methods, and became "the sick man of Europe." Then Mustapha Kemal came along and westernized the Turkish establishment from top to bottom, culturally as well as militarily.

Japan rejected western influences in the seventeenth century because this influence brought the Christian religion of the missionaries with it. But Japan settled two centuries later for western technology in military and industrial matters, and thus met the West with partly western armor. As for China, it is finally meeting the West with the western heresy of Communism, plus western military and industrial technology.

Dr. Toynbee says that thus the tables have been turned, and that the West is now getting the impact of the westernized East. Without going in for professional soothsaying, Dr. Toynbee points to the example of the Greek-Roman world in the second century after Christ, when bitter strife and the most cynical factionalism finally began to give way before an emerging universal religion seeking to unite spiritually all peoples of all classes and stations.

The new book is a collection of Dr. Toynbee's Reith Lectures delivered in 1952 over the BBC. The material comes from the last four volumes of the author's *A Study of History*, scheduled for publication in 1954.

•

U.S. 40. CROSS SECTION OF THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA, by George R. Stewart. Maps by Erwin Raisz. *Houghton Mifflin. $5.*

U.S. 40 runs from Atlantic City to San Francisco. U.S. 40 is "working road." George R. Stewart, the author of the novels *Storm* and *Fire*, traveled U.S. 40 with a camera, which he kept pointed at the road itself, so that there are mountains in the distance, or the buildings of a town on each side of the road where it is a main street, or there is the road going straight ahead across the Utah salt flats. The camera is never pointed at anything unconnected with the road, never at anything irrelevant to the purpose of the road.

The text, too, concentrates on the road. This is no guidebook. It does not tell you where to eat or what to see or where to sleep. It tells you how the road was traced and built—something of its history; how the towns and the landscape change as you go from east to west—something of America's history; and the photographs and the text tell you, also, how the light falls on the road. So, when you read this extraordinary, meticulous and unfancy account of U.S. 40, you are traveling across these United States and you see the country—its past and its present—as few books have ever shown it to you.

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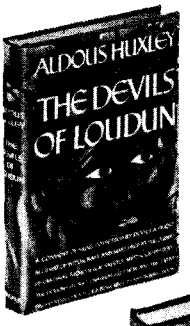

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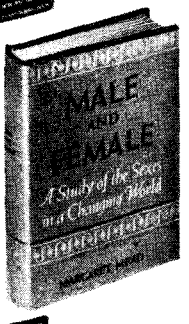

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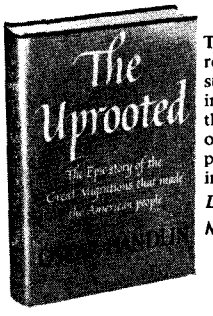

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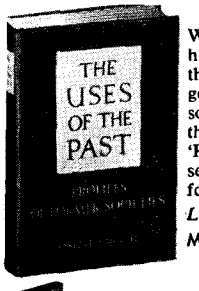

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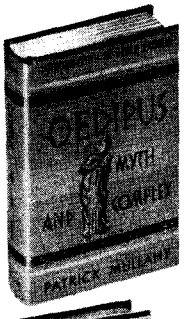

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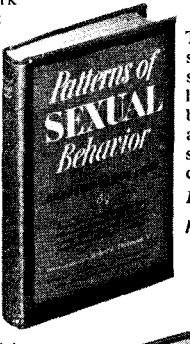

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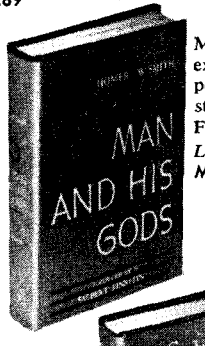

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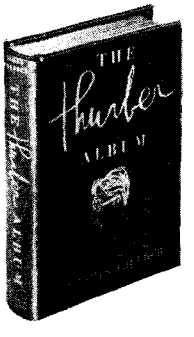

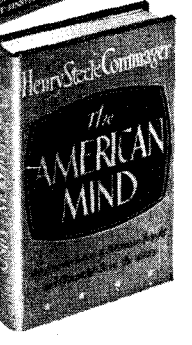

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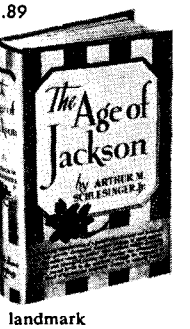

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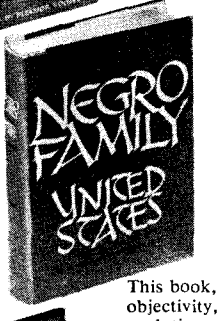

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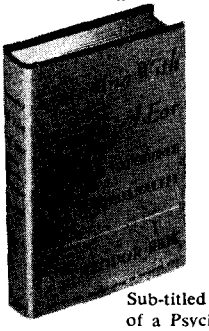

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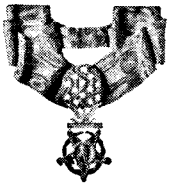

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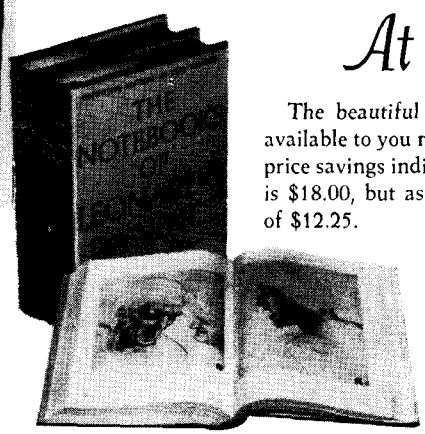

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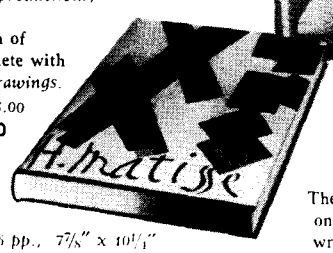

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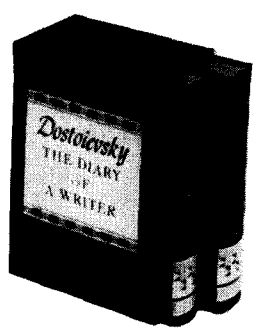

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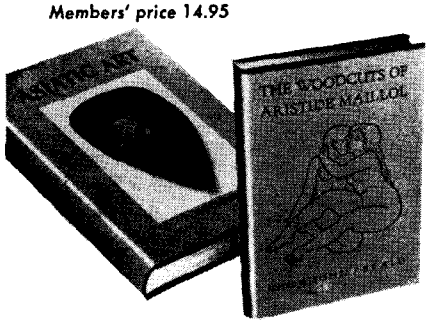

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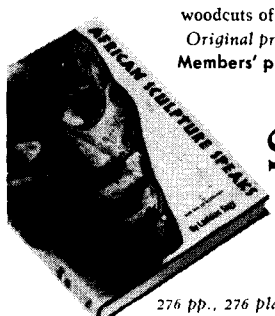

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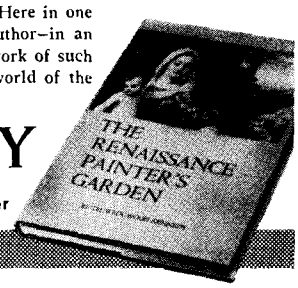

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